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WORKS, LONDON.

The People.

A Weekly Newspaper for All Classes.

ONE PENNY. [Registered at the
(C.P.O. as a Newspaper.)

LONDON, SUNDAY, APRIL 17, 1892.

MILFORD LANE } STRAND.—No. 549.

THIRD EDITION.
"THE PEOPLE" OFFICE.
Saturday Evening.

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAMS.)
THE ANARCHIST PLOTS.
MORE BOMBS DISCOVERED.

MADRID, April 13.—A petard with a lighted fuse was found this morning at the entrance of the School of Architecture. The porter who discovered the bomb threw it into the middle of the courtyard, extinguishing the fuse.

VALENCIA, April 13.—Another bomb was exploded in this city to-day and caused some damage, but fortunately no one was injured.

LUXEMBURG, April 13.—On the arrival of a goods train here last night from Brussels two large bombs, each weighing nearly forty pounds, were found in one of the wagons. They were at once taken charge of by the police, who have caused an inquiry to be opened into the affair.

CADIZ, April 14.—As a religious procession was passing through the streets here last night two petards exploded in its midst. Nobody was killed, but those who took part in the procession fled panic-stricken.

ITALY AND THE UNITED STATES.
NEW YORK, April 16.—A Washington telegram, published by the *Herald*, says that the members of the foreign committees of the Senate and the House of Representatives object to the payment by President Harrison of indemnity in respect of the Italian claims without the authority of Congress.

(DALZIEL'S TELEGRAMS.)
THE GREAT FLOODS.
TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY PERSONS REPORTED DROWNED.

ANOTHER DISASTER THREATENED.
ABERDEEN (MISSISSIPPI), April 14.—It is estimated that 250 people have been drowned through the floods caused by the rising of the Tombigbee River. Three relief parties, which started out on Tuesday, have recovered 150 bodies. In the case of one family of nine, rescued by a raft, a boy had become insane before relief arrived. Of another family a negro and a baby, who were found floating on a mattress, are the only survivors of ten. Seventy-five men, women, and children have been rescued from trees, in which they had sought refuge as long as four and even six days ago.

NAKNEE (TENNESSEE), April 14.—The river is still rising, and has reached a point within 3 ft. of the top of the embankments. If these should give way the loss of life and property will be frightful.

DARING TRAIN ROBBERY.

NEW ORLEANS, April 15.—The express train from Chicago to the New Orleans, St. Louis, and Chicago Railway was stopped by robbers on Thursday night, a short distance south of Independence, a small station sixty-two miles north of this city. Four men got upon the engine and, presenting pistols, compelled the driver and firemen to lead them to the express van and to open the door. The thieves quickly entered and plundered the van, carrying off booty to the value of nearly 10,000 dollars. The authorities were promptly notified of the robbery, and bloodhounds were used to track the thieves.

THE SULTAN AND THE KHEDIVE.

READING OF THE FIRMAN.
CAIRO, April 14.—The imperial firmans of investiture and the Sultan's telegram to the Khedive were read this morning at the Abulin Palace. At the conclusion of the ceremony the Khedive was greeted with loud cheers by those present.

THE MAY DAY DEMONSTRATIONS.
PARIS, April 13.—The committee which is organising the May Day demonstrations has decided to publish a journal, entitled "The First of May," setting forth the claims of the working classes, and also to arrange mass meetings in every district on the 23rd inst. with the object of inducing working men and principally the drivers of omnibuses and other public conveyances, to cease work on May 1st. The committee will organise a mass meeting on May Day, but a suitable locality has not yet been found. The manager of the Cirque d'Elles hesitates to allow that building to be used for the purpose for fear of its being damaged.

STRIKE IN BOHEMIA.
PRAGUE, April 13.—Intelligence received here states that the strike which commenced last week among the factory hands at Nachod, where there are extensive linen spinning mills, has now assumed unexpected dimensions, the number of spinners out being about 2,000. Everything is quiet, and there has so far been no necessity for police intervention. The strikers are receiving ample funds from an unknown source. It is believed that the movement will spread.

EXPLOSION AT A POWDER MILL.
SEVEN LIVES LOST.
(CENTRAL NEWS TELEGRAM.)

NEW YORK, April 14.—A frightful explosion took place yesterday, when the employees were at work at extensive powder mills at Morris, Penn. The various buildings were more or less wrecked, and seven men were killed.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAM.)
AFFRAY BETWEEN FRENCH AND ITALIAN WORKMEN.

CHAMBERY, April 13.—A serious affray took place yesterday between a number of French and Italian workmen employed at the workshops of the cable railway from Aix-les-Bains up the Montagne du Regard. Some twelve of the men were more or less seriously injured. Nine of those who took part in the conflict have been arrested.

(CENTRAL NEWS TELEGRAM.)
A VILLAGE BURNED DOWN.
VIENNA, April 14.—The little village of Leopoldsdorf, in Upper Austria, has been destroyed by fire. In all, ninety-eight houses and fifty-five barns were burned, and the loss is estimated at half a million florins. A joiner named Konigsteiner, who was ill in bed and unable to escape, perished in the flames.

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DEVON.

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SWEETMEAT EVER MADE.
MADE WITH FRESH DEVONSHIRE CLOUTED
CREAM.

SOLD EVERYWHERE
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EXECUTIONS BY THE AXE.
A MOTHER AND SON BEHEADED.

By the double execution which took place at Oranienburg, Germany, a mother and her son paid the penalty for a peculiarly horrible murder perpetrated nearly a year ago. The scene of the crime was a little village named Loh, not far from Dortmund. A miner, who was no longer fit to work was there, on May 11th, 1891, deliberately murdered by his wife and two sons, who had conspired together to get rid of him in this manner. The woman and her two sons were tried and convicted of the murder. Frau Kruse and the elder son, Wilhelm, being condemned to death, while the younger son was sentenced to penal servitude for life. According to the custom which obtains in that part of Germany, the condemned criminals were beheaded with an axe. The execution was carried out in the courtyard behind the Courts of Justice, the executioner being Herr Reindel, who was brought from Magdeburg for the purpose. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the previous day the condemned pair were officially informed that the Emperor had no intention of exercising the imperial prerogative by granting any reprieve or commutation of the sentence which had been passed upon them. They received the announcement quietly, and asked to see a spiritual adviser. The prison chaplain then attended, and spent the whole night with them in the condemned cell. The prisoners, who wept bitterly, made a complete confession, professed penitence, and received the Holy Communion. When 6 o'clock struck in the morning Wilhelm Kruse was led out to the courtyard, where a scaffold was erected with a block upon it had been erected. Owing to the condition of his legs, arising from a serious illness from which he had been suffering, prisoner could hardly walk, and had to be supported by a couple of war ers. When asked whether he had any public declaration to make, Kruse replied in the negative. He was then formally handed over to the hangman in the presence of the two judges who tried the case, the public prosecutor, and a couple of other official personages, who alone were admitted to witness the execution. Not a moment was lost in carrying out the last penalty. Kruse submitted quietly while his shirt was unbolted at the neck and folded back. This done, he was laid upon the scaffold. The executioner then raised his axe, and with one swift, powerful stroke severed the murderer's head from his body. The truncated corpse having been placed in a coffin, which was in readiness, the block was sliced with a sword, and fresh sand was sprinkled on the ground, which had also been deluged with blood. The female prisoner was then led out. She walked with a firm step, and was remarkably self-possessed to the last. She was delivered over to the hangman in the same manner as her son, and in a few seconds her head also rolled upon the ground. Both executions were performed with wonderful celerity, occupying between them hardly ten minutes.

A LONDON POISONING CASE.

DEATH OF TWO GIRLS.
At an early hour on Tuesday a report reached the police that two young women had been poisoned at 118, Stamford-street, Waterloo-road. P.C. Everson, 1st L, was sent to inquire into the matter, and on his arrival at the address mentioned he found a young woman named Alice Marsh, aged 21 years, lying in the passage in her night-dress. She was apparently in a dying state, suffering from the effects of poison. In another part of the house the police discovered another young woman, who was fully dressed, and also evidently suffering from some poison. The police removed the sufferers to St. Thomas's Hospital, but Marsh died on the way in a cab. Mr. Wyman, the house surgeon, was speedily in attendance, and, after making an examination into the condition of the other girl, Emma Shrivell, aged 18 years, he ordered her to be taken to the Christian Ward. In the meantime the remains of Alice Marsh were removed to the Lambeth mortuary, there to await identification and an inquest. At 8 o'clock the same morning Emma Shrivell died in great pain, and without being able to give any account of the extraordinary occurrence. On inquiries being made at St. Thomas's Hospital a correspondent was informed that a few weeks ago the two girls left Brighton, and on arriving in London took apartments at the above address. They were visited by several persons, and by invitation they were joined on Monday afternoon by a man named Clifton. They all partook of a meal consisting of tinned salmon, &c. In the evening Alice Marsh complained of being unwell, and soon after the younger girl complained of severe pains. The man, it is stated, gave them some pills, and the servant of the house was sent for to add seidit powder, which the girls drank. The man left them at 8 o'clock the same evening.

TERrible DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.
A Newcastle correspondent telegraphs that a sad tragedy occurred on Thursday night at Low Gosforth, a young man named W. Montgomery attempting to shoot his sister, shooting his brother-in-law, and afterwards himself. Montgomery had lodged with his sister up to the beginning of this year, but in consequence of some difference which then took place, he drew a revolver and fired at his sister, but missed his aim. He then turned on Pritchard and shot him in the back. Although the firing was heard by several people, no one appears to have discovered the cause until a neighbour named James Sharkey, found Montgomery lying dead on the green, about fifty yards from his sister's house shot through the temple and cheek. He had evidently shot himself twice, as he still clutched the revolver in his hand. His body was conveyed to the Brandling Villa Hotel, Lower Gosforth, to await the inquest. Dr. Pope was summoned to attend Pritchard, who lies in a precarious condition.

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EASTER VOLUNTEER
CAMPAIGN.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

The annual series of tactical field-days which the metropolitan force has for so many years been accustomed to carry out will take place this year with scarcely inferior numbers to those engaged last year, but the area covered by the men will be much more restricted. Instead of the 20,000 or more Volunteer troops who are expected to turn out being distributed to different points in Kent, Sussex, Surrey, Hants, and Essex, the first-named county will have a monopoly of the sham fighting. It is true that the barracks at Winchester, in which the London Rifle Brigade will pass the holiday, the barracks at Warley, which will find room for the 4th Essex Volunteer Battalion; and the ranges of the National Rifle Association at Bisley and of the new Metropolitan Rifle Range Company at Rammeymede, will see large bodies of Volunteers before the holiday is over; yet it is only Dover, Chatham, and Gravesend that will this year be the scenes of sham fighting. There will not be so many marching columns to be met with on the road, the vogue of the marching column having somewhat fallen off (except in the Engineer branch of the service in which it originated). As early as Tuesday small parties started in advance of their brigades to Dover and the neighbouring stations of Deal, Walmer, and Shoreham, and on Wednesday small marching columns followed for those places and for the points on the Medway where fighting will take place. The longest march, and the pleasantest, so far as the weather at the start was concerned, was undertaken by a couple of companies of the Artists' who began the movement on Tuesday morning with a short railway journey from Victoria as far as Newington, Chatham, under the command of Capt. Weiss. The little column spent four hours for a very pleasant afternoon in an enjoyable promenade through the "garden of England," quartering for the night at the ancient town of Faversham, and receiving from gentle and simple the heartiest of welcomes. Next day, grey, blue, and scarlet uniforms were afoot, all bound in the eastern direction, the grey being represented by detachments of the Queen's Westminster and the Devil's Own, the blue by the 2nd Middlesex Artillery, and the scarlet by the 3rd V.B. Royal Fusiliers. The 2nd Middlesex Artillery, true to its regimental motto, was "First in" amongst those of the metropolitan Artillery who will pass their Easter in making further acquaintance with the heavy ordnance of the forts in the Thames basin. They will be followed by the 1st Essex, who go to their proper station at Chatham Fort, and some of the companies of the City of London Artillery. But it was not until Thursday that

the Volunteers in large numbers are availing themselves of the permission which has been unrestrictedly given to them to visit the dockyards. According to the general and the special idea which Gen. Goodenough has promulgated, the operations for tomorrow (Saturday) will take the form of a renaissance in force by the invaders, in which an attempt will be made to cut off the communications of Chatham with London by seizing Aylesford, and, if possible, Rochester Bridge, and as many of the fords and ferries between these two points as possible. For this purpose Gen. Goodenough, who himself conducts the West London Brigade, under his command of the West London Brigade, which for the nonce is under the brigadier of the East London Brigade, Col. Trotter, C.B., the commanding officer of the Grenadier Guards, having decided not to stand, Mr. Lawrence Hardy, his brother, has been invited to become a candidate.

LANCASHIRE, N. (N. Lonsdale).—Mr. W. C. Ainslie (C) will not seek re-election, owing to ill-health.

STOCKPORT.—The Hon. P. Bowes Lyon (C), fifth son of the Earl of Strathmore, has been selected as colleague of Mr. L. J. Jennings. SOUTHWAKE, W.—Mr. Edward Bond (C), of Elm Bank, Hamstead, will oppose Mr. R. K. Caistor (G).

WANDSWORTH.—Mr. W. H. Dickinson (G) has declined the invitation to oppose Mr. H. Kimber (C).

NEWCASTLE.—Mr. William Whitefield, miners' delegate at Bristol, will stand in the Labour interest.

WEST RIDING (Pudsey).—Mr. E. Woodhouse (U) has been selected to oppose Mr. G. Priestley (I).

SPEN VALLEY.—Alderman T. F. Firth (G) has declined to oppose Mr. F. Ellis (C).

CARLISDASHIRE.—Mr. W. Jones (U), of Birmingham, will oppose Mr. B. Rowlands.

CHESTERHAM.—Mr. F. D. Deneham (G) will oppose Mr. A. Agard-Gardiner (C), subject to his candidate being approved.

DURHAM, N.E. (Wicksteed).—Mr. F. T. Barnes (U) will oppose Mr. T. D. Bolton (G).

Dover.—Maj. Edward, K.A., will be the Labour candidate.

The Central News has issued a complete list of candidates for the forthcoming general election, as far as known up to date. From this list it appears that there are 127 constituencies without a Conservative or Unionist candidate, 99 constituencies without Gladstone, 73 constituencies with a Parnellite, and 47 constituencies without an Anti-Parnellite. In 11 constituencies the Gladstone-vote is threatened to be split by the presence of more than one candidate, but there are no Conservative constituencies in the same position, and in no constituency is there a Unionist as well as a Conservative candidate in the field. In regard to Ireland, preparations are very backward, and it is probable that in a great many constituencies candidates will not be announced either on the Parnellite or the Anti-Parnellite side until Parliament has been dissolved.

BETTING RAID.

The raid by a posse of constables and the arrest of thirty-seven persons in a house-boat known as the British Queen, Gloucester-street, End, at half-past 2 on Wednesday afternoon passed almost unnoticed and almost unknown until Thursday, when the persons in custody were paraded at the Worship-street Police Court, before Mr. Kennedy, to answer the charge of keeping and using as a common gaming-house the licensed premises referred to, and of resorting thereto for the purpose of betting on horse races. The first part of the charge, which is the most serious and carries a heavy penalty, was made against two only of the accused, viz., Horace Dearborough Symons, aged 25 years, the holder of the exclusive license for the premises, and Charles Symons, his father, 35 years of age, described as a horse-dealer.

AN EASTER SNOWSTORM.

A snowstorm was experienced in the suburbs of London on Saturday. The downfall in South London was somewhat severe.

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FATIGUE FIRES.

Early on Friday morning an outbreak of fire at No. 76, Cleveland-street, Fitzroy-square, was discovered by a policeman. The firemen soon arrived, and the flames were quickly got under, but not before the house had suffered severely. Agnes Cox, aged 15, the occupier of the back room on the first floor, in which apartment the fire was supposed to have originated, was burned on the face and hands. She was conveyed to the Middlesex Hospital, in which institution she succumbed to her injuries a few hours after her admission.

About 2 o'clock on Friday morning a building on the corner of a street was discovered by a policeman. The firemen soon arrived, and the flames were quickly got under, but not before the house had suffered severely. Agnes Cox, aged 15, the occupier of the back room on the first floor, in which apartment the fire was supposed to have originated, was burned on the face and hands. She was conveyed to the Middlesex Hospital, in which institution she succumbed to her injuries a few hours after her admission.

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(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)
TALES TOLD AT THE
CRIPPLES' CLUB.
BY JAMES GREENWOOD
(THE AMATEUR CASUAL).

CAUGHT IN A WOLF TRAP.
It was the meeting night of the Cripples' Club next following that when the members were so amazed by the appearance of Sal Skinner, and afterwards so deeply interested by the story of her brother Bill, when the worthy president remarked to his colleagues assembled:

"Gentlemen, I have to announce that the case that will claim your attention this evening promises to be of an altogether different kind from that discussed at our last meeting. Then we had domestic drama of the humblest sort, perhaps, but none the less affecting on that account. To-night it bids fair, at any rate, that we shall be entertained with a story of wild adventure, and, I hope, have the pleasure of responding favourably to the petition of the applicant."

"The name is Steve Sharman, and for many years he has been employed as night watchman at a river-side wharf, but owing to age and increasing infirmities his services are no longer required, and there being no other alternative for him but the workhouse, he begs of us that we will give him the means to rig up a night coffee-stall, by the profits of which he thinks he could be independent and pay his way."

"All that I know of his claim is as a cripple is not much, but it is to the purpose. 'I have lost my right leg above the knee,' he writes, 'and my left arm as high as the elbow. The first in a wolf trap, and the arm by a wolf bite, and while defending myself against the creature, who had me fixed and helpless.' Is it your wish, gentlemen, that we give audience to Steve Sharman, who is now waiting below stairs?"

The assent was prompt and unanimous, and in a few minutes the man who had lost his leg in a wolf trap was ushered into the room. He was of medium stature, and his bowed shoulders and wrinkled visage denoted that if he had not yet attained "three score years and ten" he must very nearly have done so. But, withal, he was a stiff built old fellow, with bright grey eyes, and a manly bearing that age could not conquer.

"Now, Mr. Sharman," remarked the president, encouragingly, "tell us about that wolf that deprived you of your left forearm. Was the trap that caught you set to catch him?"

"Why, there, your honour," replied old Steve, touching a forelock with his iron hook; "you hit the nail on the head at once. It was that identical trap, and I'll tell you how it all happened."

"It is full six-and-thirty years ago, I was a chap of thirty or thereabouts at the time. I am Wilshire born and bred, but wages were not then what they are now, and having three children and a wife, and she being willing to go, we emigrated to the backwoods of America. The situation I held at the time was that of keeper on Sir John Weeden's estate, but before that I was used to farming, and I was told that such things as preserves were unknown in the country we were going to. I should find my knowledge of how to handle a gun come in useful very likely; which it did. However, we shall see about that presently."

"So we emigrated, and the part to which we found our way was all right as far as making a honeste went, but it was rare lonesome. Not a hut or a shanty within half a mile of it. But the wife wasn't one of the timid sort, and the youngsters were strong and healthy, so we didn't mind. I had saved a bit of money in England and was able to make a start in my small way, and in a few months we settled quite comfortable in a log house, with a tidy patch of land round it, well fenced in."

"I didn't build the house nor do the fencing, but I bought the lot of them that had done both. The fencing came dear, but it was necessary when it was put up, because of the wolves. They used to come prowling round at night-time, and if your dogs were not of the right sort, it was bad for the sheep, or the young pigs, or anything else the varmint could pounce on and carry away. But excepting two or three, they had all been got rid of in that neighbourhood at the time we took the building."

"But of that two or three there was one, a cunning old villain, that had never been shot or trapped, and still gave trouble. I have told you that the wife wasn't a timid one, neither was she, except as regards this old wolf. She had heard from the woman folk, our next neighbours, how that the people that were before us had lost a three-year-old youngster who had strayed away into the woods, and it was supposed that the wolf had seized him. And I have given her off. That naturally enough terrified my missus, and I made up my mind that I would put an end to it somehow or other."

"I didn't know much about the wilds of America before I ventured there, but I had heard that it was a country where creatures of the woods had sometimes to be contended against, and just before I left Sir John Weeden, his son, who had been hunting in Canada, came home and brought back with him among other things a big steel trap made on patent principles, and used for snaring the larger kinds of game, and this I begged of him and took out with me. It was in the depth of winter when wolves are most daring, and the one I am speaking of had paid us more than one visit, mauling his horrid howl heard by us as we lay in our beds. I looked out for him with my gun over and over again, but could never see so much as catch sight of him, let alone get a chance for a shot. So I thought I would bait the patent steel trap and see what that would do."

"And what might that be?"

"Corroboration," returned the president.

But old Steve Sharman was equal to the "one thing needful." Plunging his hand into the breast pocket of his jacket he produced an old leather pocket-book, and with a confident smile laid it on the table.

"If your honours will kindly overhaul the dockments inside, the hospital one and the Government one as well, you will, I think, find it all correct."

And an examination of the said papers proving quite satisfactory, old Steve was informed that he might set about ordering what was required for his night coffee-stall as soon as he pleased, and that the president of the Cripples' Club would defray all costs.

(To be continued.)

A LETTER-BOX ROBBER
CUGHT.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

"The Escapes of Casanova and Latitude from Prison" (T. Fisher Unwin) makes an excellent addition to the Adventure Series, edited by Mr. P. Villars. We strongly commend the handsome volume as a gift book for boys; while full of exciting matter, it is wholesome in every line. Equally adapted, too, is it for older readers who love to have set before them the more heroic side of humanity. The same enterprising publisher issues a second edition of "The Young Emperor" by Harold Frederic, a book which deserves to be read more than ever, now that the still youthful ruler of Germany seems to be developing characteristics of a decidedly eccentric sort. He has grown quickly, in a moral sense, has William II. as he ascended the throne. "A History of Watches and Other Timekeepers" (Crosby Lockwood and Son), by J. F. Kendal, contains much novel and interesting information on the subject of horology. The account of the various great clocks of the world is well worth reading, and many amusing little anecdotes are dispersed throughout the book. A revised edition of "Facts for Politicians" (Henry Gode and Son), by John Powell, appears. "Cassell's National Library presents us this week with the second part of Shakspere's "King Henry IV." Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons place at the disposal of the million a fac-simile reproduction of the Queen's touching letter to the nation after the lamented death of the Duke of Clarence. An emblematic border of beautiful design, by Mr. E. J. Power, surrounds the letter. Messrs. Tuck and their staff nobly give their services free, and the whole profits are to go to charities selected by the Queen, the Gordon Boys' Home taking the larger portion. Quite a shower of new books descends upon us from Messrs. Dugby Long. The best of them are "My Cousin's Wife," by Ray Merton, and "Tom Buxton's Aim," by Smith Buxton, two stories of fair interest and some force. There is nothing new in "Hill Round the World," by Castle Hill; nor can we speak very favourably of "Our Hand," Have Met," by J. Tempest-Wilson, which, aiming at a "fast" style, often falls into sheer vulgarity. "Round the Camp Fire," by Edith H. Hirst, is a collection of Australian poems, in which there are some odd rays, such as "slumber" and "grimmer." "A Dream of Happiness," by Herbert Old, is also in poetical form, and shares with the previous one a curious infidelity in rhyming—videlicet, "hotel" and "tot." They are alike, too, in their singular barrenness of poetical ceiling. One of the most useful works published for the assistance of the political politician is the "Simplici Chart of Parliamentary Representation for 1892" (G. Philip and Son), compiled by Major Ross of Badenburg. It gives statistical tables and a complete list of constituencies, with the registered number of vot-er, and the population, all in a handy and attractive form. Two capital photographs of Mr. Toole as "Walker, London," have been executed and published by Harry Walter, 443, West Strand. The likeness of the comedian is excellent in both cases—the one being a full and the other a half-length.

TOO MANY TROUBLES.

At St. Pancras Coroner's Court, Dr. G. Danford Thomas held an inquest at the death of Caroline Myers, 61, the wife of William Myers, pianofortemaker, 34, Wrotham-road, Camden Town. For causes which were unexpected, Mr. Myers ceased to live with his wife twelve months ago, and had only seen her since. She resided at 35, Castle-road, Kentish Town, and her son used to take her weekly the money her husband allowed her. More than once she told her son that when he called next he would find she had committed suicide, and on the 9th inst. he discovered her dead in her room, suspended by the neck from a hook in the cupboard door. She had evidently stood upon a stool and, after adjusting the rope, kicked the stool away. The landlady of the deceased said Mrs. Myers took her separation from her husband deeply to heart, and told witness that "her troubles were more than she could bear."—Verdict, suicide while of unsound mind.

ARTFUL WATCH ROBBERY.

At the London County Sessions, John Paton, 24, a stoker, was indicted under peculiar circumstances for stealing a watch from the person of Arthur Morris.—Prosecutor and his brother were on the 24th of March last, passing along the Wandsworth-road, when he was attracted by a small crowd. The prisoner was in the centre, and throwing some cards on the ground, shouted, "No ladies must look; let them go away."—Prosecutor leaned forward to look at what was on the ground, and then near prisoner, who almost immediately after shouted, "Here comes the coppers," and, picking up his cards, walked away. Then Morris found that his watch was gone. He went after the prisoner, who had a companion with him, and he passed something to the latter, who ran away. A witness stated that the prisoner took the watch, but this was denied.—Mr. De Michele contended that some one in the crowd had taken the watch, and the prisoner had nothing to do with it.—The jury at once found the prisoner guilty, and previous convictions were proved against him.—Fifteen months' imprisonment.

SHOCKING SUICIDE.

An inquest was held at St. Bartholomew's Hospital on the body of Charlotte Green, aged 72, a toy-shop keeper, of 38, East-road, City-road.—It appeared from the evidence that the business of the East-road Post-office was carried on at the above address, the deceased's husband having charge of that portion of the shop. Something appeared to be wrong with the accounts, and Charles William Lang, a telegraphic assistant, was sent to take charge of the office. On the 7th inst. a crashing of glass was heard, and the deceased was then found lying in the yard, having fallen from a window above on to a skylight, from which she had rebounded into the yard.—Other evidence showed that the deceased deliberately got outside the window, and then slipped down. Death took place on Sunday night from the serious injuries which the deceased had sustained, her leg and shoulder being fractured.—A verdict of suicide during temporary insanity was returned.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Though every care will be taken to ensure the accuracy of replies, the editor cannot accept responsibility for opinions or other matter sent in. Correspondents should enclose a stamp and a post-office box number, and in referring to a question, state the name of the person to whom it should be addressed."—*Miscellaneous*, &c. (See above.)

Letters and postals are required in all cases, but not for publication when a sum is paid as expenses. Neither address nor recommendations are ever given.

LEGAL.

LEVER.—Much too late for a reply last week; you can always get a reply for a few pence, and I will do so.

ADAMS.—It would be a case for a civil suit.

H. A. H.—In precisely the same position.

FLETCHER.—For the involved an affair to be dealt with here. Put the matter into the hands of a solicitor.

W. HARRIS.—Sorry to give this to "Fides."

A. SCHACHTER.—It is legal in most countries.

W. H. H.—We cannot say.

STANLEY.—It would be bigamy, and render the woman liable to prosecution for that offence.

CONSERVATIVE.—If it did not belong to him, you must give it up, and proceed against him for the amount you paid.

POLITICAL.—It would be most unsafe to expose a man without having the will of his wife.

W. H. H.—Your wisest course would be to submit it to a solicitor.

SWEEL.—Advertise in whatever paper seems best calculated to attain your purpose.

E. W.—The police would be most likely to have the power to do with the matter, and which would it is that you wish to see?

J. L.—You must ascertain as well as you can which house the fence belongs to.

J. F. F.—If you have reason to doubt his honesty, it would be judicious to commission a solicitor to look after your interests. The knowledge that you had done so would serve to quiet his mind.

E. P.—E. 25.

Moss Rose.—It is a yearly hiring, he is clearly wrong.

S. A. L.—Quite too involved a business to be dealt with here. The court would only intend to hear answers to simple questions.

C. F.—He is liable for your maintenance, provided he refuses to admit you to his house.

PATHE.—She could do so, if you concealed yourself by being summoned.

W. H.—The obligation rests on the tenant to make payment on the appointed dates. It could be done by remitting through the post a registered letter.

A. F.—See reply above to "S. A. L."

H. J. LONSD.—Through the county court.

E. A.—Quite legal; he can take any name.

S. P. H.—I. No. 2, No, but it is not registered.

UNARMED CONTRACT.—We do not see how you can claim, the customer can take his own time.

H. C. B.—You must really excuse a refusal.

W. H.—It is not within my power to do so.

W. H.—Should we do so by post.

ANTI-NORMAN.—We entirely agree with you.

THE ROWDY CYCLIST is a hateful nuisance, for whom extermination is ever prey.

SOMETHING WORSE.—We suspect that the bearings are worn out. Have a look at them, and if they are bad, get them remedied at once.

SMELLED.—A warm bath takes immediately after, and, of course, a complete change of clothing, will obviate the tendency. Half an hour spent in that way is well laid out; the comfort to a tired tourist is immeasurable.

TO THE EDITOR.—Only sufficient to pay the principal and interest. 2. They can demand the interest of you but not of your son.

A. SCHACHTER (J. L.).—They would be likely to suffer the same fate that you did. 2. They can demand the interest of you.

FLETCHER.—You had better apply to a magistrate to order their restoration.

M. W.—The law on the subject is so complicated that we dare not venture an opinion without knowing all the circumstances.

AMERICANS.—You must obey the order.

A. H. B.—Under the A. C. rule, she can, but not otherwise.

THE YOUNG SUBSCRIBER.—Your proper course is to sue for trespass and damages.

PRUDENTIAL.—Six months' notice, to expire on the date when the tenancy began.

ANXIETY ONE.—It can be applied for at once at the post office police office.

D. G.—They can come down either upon him or upon you.

TORT.—You will find full particulars in "Whitaker's Almanac."

ANXIETY INQUIRER.—If the facts are as stated, she has an irrefutable case, and should sue for damages.

CHIVERS.—A warm bath takes immediately after, and, of course, a complete change of clothing, will obviate the tendency. Half an hour spent in that way is well laid out; the comfort to a tired tourist is immeasurable.

TO THE EDITOR.—Only sufficient to pay the principal and interest.

G. T. BURSLEY.—Half to her; half to the brothers and other next of kin, if any.

S. P. S.—I. No. 2. If you do not enter an appearance either in person or by deputy the case will be given over to you.

E. H.—You would take half, the other going to the next of kin.

LCY.—Yes.

B. F.—He has no claim whatever, and it would be a most distinct case of blackmailing. Besides what proof has he of the alleged misconduct? It is an entirely unsupported statement. Would he "feel the same towards him if the alleged villain of the story paid him some money?"

KATHLEEN HALL.—Perfectly legal.

MOTHER CARY.—Your meaning is somewhat obscure, but so far as we can make out, a notice should be given.

F. ROBINSON.—She could either summons or sue.

WIDOWER.—His liability ceased at her death.

L. S. ST. JOHN.—No; your redress lies through the county court.

K. E. M.—The debt survives the marriage.

ALPHIA.—Everything depends on the conditions of the contract.

2. You must wait a reasonable time for the performance of the undertaking.

YOUNG BEGINNER.—It would be wrong to do so. Why not return them?

HOUSEHOLD.

RAT PLAGUED.—A clever system of trapping will sometimes succeed, but unless you get the owner or occupier of the house to work along with you there is little hope of a good result.

W. H.—We have had good results.

HOUSEHOLD.—Using dry finely-powdered starch and stale bread-crums. Sponging with a weak solution of ammonia and water is sometimes the best plan, but much depends on condition and colour.

L. F.—We should think it would want to be washed in a good lather of soap.

L. T. (Reading).—You can make up any so-called cream you like with cornflour, and, as cheap as you please, account to your own fancy; only get it all smooth, and not too sweet, and not too sour; or it will be too strong to taste.

W. H.—The best way is to start a small company.

ALPHIA.—It is a finished housewife.

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)
THE SAHIB'S
FORTUNE.
By JOHN C. CHUTE.

CHAPTER XIV.

Three years had to pass after the sack of Surat before the merciful change of government came to the relief of its worried, beaten, and over-taxed inhabitants.

In the meantime (these were years of adventure and change to me) my knowledge of Persian, and familiarity with the unwritten speech of the natives led to my employment in many matters of diplomacy and trade.

I was commissioned by the central council at Bombay to inspect and report on our settlements on the coast of Kattyawar, and in the Gulfs of Kutch and Cambay, offices of trust which brought me promises of promotion from headquarters.

I was given the command of a ten-gun gunboat at the attack and the suppression, for a brief time, of the pirates of the Persian Gulf, and won fair notice and distinction, inasmuch as I was put on the list of those officers the company permitted to trade on their own account, a boon given in lieu of extra pay, a privilege highly valued, as it often led to the foundation of a princely fortune.

During these years, war, the climate, and the visitation of pestilence led to many deaths.

Great changes occurred at our factory, my early friends and patrons were swept away, and their places filled by strangers, men who proved themselves—always envious rivals, often ill-wishers, and sometimes open enemies.

Amongst the latter, to my misfortune, was ranked our new principal, Captain Keating, who, by right of seniority, was promoted from "Goge" to govern at Surat.

He had been in the company's service from early youth, was a man of varied experience, he had served at sea and on shore with satisfaction in both branches, was a bustling and indefatigable worker, and, without being brilliant, may be termed a good officer, but there his merits ended.

He was suspicious, jealous, haughty, and dictatorial—by nature a tyrant, in manner a bully, an offensive martinet even when off duty, and his public discipline was always arrogant, irritating, and frequently insulting. Nature had made him a ruler autocrat without courtesy or consideration, dreaded by all inferiors, and not respected even in his own family.

Such a man was sure to be thoroughly disliked, and though always obeyed to the letter, which he dictatorially exacted, he was always evaded in spirit, a fact which often told against the company's service.

His aversion to me dated from our introduction; he took offence at the frank way I looked him in the face—there was nothing disrespectful in my glance, but he deemed I was not impressed by his rank, importance, and dignity. His little soul scarcely resented my implied want of appreciation, and from that hour forth he was my opponent, and soon after my open enemy.

My privilege to trade also annoyed him, as it interested occasionally with his own profits; this, to his grasping nature, was an unpardonable offence. Competition in an inferior rank he looked upon as in-justice and presumption, amounting almost to insubordination.

Soon after this man's rule began came on the company's dispute with the Mogul at Delhi. As the raid of the Mahrattas had been permitted, the English refused to pay duties any longer on goods—a tax levied for safety and protection which was not afforded.

As this affected the Seedeo's income, he threatened to stop our trade, and seizing upon the castle to overawe us, he ejected the Nawab, or governor, from all command. The council at Bombay, fearing he would deliver Surat into the hands of the Mahrattas, despatched a large maritime force, under command of an English admiral, to seize the city, and thus hasten his fall.

The Seedeo's defences were strong and well planned, but one by one they were carried by our men, but not without a strong resistance. The storming party was led and commanded by myself, and my success won me public praise, both from the English admiral and the council in Bombay, which was another cause of offence to my immediate superior, Captain Keating.

After a heavy bombardment of the castle, the Seedeo, realising the strength of a battery of thirteen-inch mortars, the stronghold was surrendered, the flag of the great Mogul was hauled down, and the English colours hoisted in their place, and with this simple ceremony the rule of the descendants of Akbar and Arangzib, and the prestige of 500 years passed away for ever.

Surat became the property of the British.

The change was important to Captain Keating. He became convoy commander of the district, the position adding 800 rupees a month to his income. This arrangement instead of making him placable to subordinates, only seemed to increase his arrogance and intensify his tyranny. The new power seemed to mount to his brain and unsettle it like strong drink, as all under his control soon felt.

The Government soon after determined to suppress the numerous hordes of pirates who swarmed round the shores of Kattyawar, and on the Malabar coast. This duty belonged to the newly-appointed convoy admiral, and to him justice, Captain Keating was most anxious to undertake it.

The marauders had strongly defended inlets, or bays of shallow depths of water, to return to when chased, and could not be followed to their lairs by heavily-armed ships, and strong fortifications boats were useless. The knaves fled before us like scared rats at sea, but once safe in their holes, they laughed at our power and mocked our disappointment.

To our new commander, to whom awe of his presence and dread of his frown were as necessary as breath, the derision was maddening, but the humiliation of defeat at the hands of disgrace kept him idle. So he blockaded the stronghold he was unable to attack.

This was on the Malabar shore, a rocky opening from the sea, which nature had fortified with a long, nar-

row channel, running between two headlands, commanded by redoubts on each brow; the gut, swept and dominated by a large fort, placed at the entrance of a good-sized bay, which afforded a secure harbour for the fleet of dhows which inside.

The channel was so narrow that only one vessel could enter at a time, and any ship sunk there would necessarily close the passage. The water was also deemed so shallow that our ships must ground in the attempt. This seemed the danger which baffled our commander's skill, and puzzled us all. There we lay, like a patient cat watching the hole of a mouse too wary to come out.

As the monsoon would burst in a week or two, action became imperative. One evening I approached the coast a few miles below the pirates' stronghold to see if troops could be landed to attack it from the land side.

I discovered a break in the hilly shore, from which ran inward a sandy bay, on which the surf was not breaking too heavily; approaching near to inspect it, my eye caught a moving figure among the trees.

CHAPTER XV.

"PRIDE GOES BEFORE—SHAME FOLLOWS."
—"ANCIENT ADAGE."

"As I thought," I murmured. "This is the back door of the scoundrels' lodgings. Come pulling men, or we shall be picked off with a shot."

Presently a Lascar, but well clothed, the result no doubt of plunder, emerged from the trees, and beckoned us to approach. "Of course, an ambush," I replied. "Not such fools, darky; if you want us, come out here."

And we all laughed and beckoned to the fellow derisively. To our surprise our signs were followed; the fellow, dressed as we was, dashed through the surf, and swam out to our boat.

We found him to be a deserter from the pirates; from what cause we did not learn; but, faithless as he was, his presence was welcome, for he brought us valuable information, giving us details of men, armaments, and position of dhows; the most important item being the alleged depth of water, both in the channel and in the bay.

On this head I questioned him long and minutely, as I thought his desecration might be an organised snare of the rascals to tempt us into danger. But he never varied in his account, telling him how I may. So on reflection I resolved to visit the bay, and gauge its depth myself.

I knew this was a dangerous experiment, but with coolness and discretion I believed it might, under favourable conditions, be accomplished. Selecting a dark night, and properly disguised, about 11 o'clock I left the ship to make the attempt.

I took with me the boatwain only. He was strong, agile, bold, and reliable, an experienced seaman, and used to the lead. Dressing him in an Oriental garb and furnishing ourselves with sounding gear, and armed well in case we had to fight for our lives, we pushed off silently, and pulled for the land, mile below our anchorage.

Then cautiously altering our course, we crept up under shadow of the bold hilly shore till we reached the channel's mouth, which we guessed to be a hundred yards wide.

We had muffed our oars, but the noise of the surf outside rendered such precaution unnecessary. It was near midnight as we reached the opening of the bay; keeping under the lee of the left headland we pulled in without hesitation. The deserter had given us cause we had to fight for our lives, we pushed off silently, and pulled for the land, mile below our anchorage.

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we gently lowered it into the water and let it go.

A swell and eddy of the clear water was all that was noticeable. The body sank noiselessly, and with the watery circle the poor wretch made our danger dispersed.

After this interruption I finished my survey as speedily as possible, and, of morning breaking, hurried through the narrow channel, and, undiscovered, so shallow that our ships must ground in the attempt. This seemed the danger which baffled our commander's skill, and puzzled us all. There we lay, like a patient cat watching the hole of a mouse too wary to come out.

The channel was so narrow that only one vessel could enter at a time, and any ship sunk there would necessarily close the passage. The water was also deemed so shallow that our ships must ground in the attempt. This seemed the danger which baffled our commander's skill, and puzzled us all. There we lay, like a patient cat watching the hole of a mouse too wary to come out.

The doctor coming in reported the condition of our wounded. He had done a little to ease their suffering, but had to wait for daylight to remove them on board. A good many poor fellows could not wait for day, but went the long journey in the dark.

He was a pleasant, well-educated, and congenial fellow, who had belonged to the Dublin School of Surgery before he joined our service—a capital boon companion, and very amusing and chatty always.

He gave me an account of the casualties on board, and I learned that we had lost a good number from the heavy fire of the pirates as we forced our way through the narrow channel.

"You see, Lloyd," he ran on, "the devils could not miss us; we were at the end of their guns, man. But we peppered them finely in return when once in position. We cured them with a dose they'll never recover from." And he laughed lightly over the exploits of the day that had been fatal to so many.

The conduct of our commander and his dilatory tactics next came up for discussion, in the midst of which we were surprised by a succession of British hurrahs from a single voice.

Hurrying to the main guard, we encountered a flying group of the enemy, who were scampering in terror from the fort; some too nimble dashed past us and escaped; others were shot down before any explanation could be given, the rest surrendered.

The cause of this panic was revealed by loud shouts of triumph from Buckle, the boatswain, whom we found standing on the parapet of the pirates' fortifications, vapouring, yelling, and shouting.

"I don't know; they took their castle; they scuttled off like mice from a cheese when they seed my mug," and he flourished a formidable boarding pike. "This is the feather that tickled 'em," and he laughed in his coarse boisterous way, long and heartily.

We had advanced in strength to repel force. It was needless, the fellow's boast was true, the fort was abandoned.

In his drunken frenzy he had advanced yelling and cursing, and the dispirited Arabs, thinking they were attacked in force, fled in the dark, without inquiry or resistance.

The fort was thus taken by a single man.

Hal the pirates known the truth, Benjamin Buckle's song of triumph might have ended in his funeral service.

At length the Arabs grew tired of delay, and left their strong position to attack us in our shelter. This is what I wished, and we were enabled to pour in a deadly fire as they advanced.

Then we met them with a charge that scattered those who lived like sheep; still, though disconcerted, they were not dismayed; they were bold, desperate men, fighting for their lives, and the attack was renewed as often as it was repulsed.

Until the fort entered the bay I resolved not to leave my advantageous position, so I never exposed my men to the withering fire which awaited them from the dhows. Thus the contest went on for hours, the enemy losing twenty men to my one. Yet victory, as it would be called, was gained by the pirates.

Hurrying on shore, he demanded of me in an ungovernable rage, "Who ordered you to take this fort?"

"My duty, Captain Keating; we came here to take it," and I saluted him formally, with an amused look on my face.

That look was too much for my commander's discretion or patience. Raising his cane in a paroxysm of anger, he cried, "You inavaurate to think I am a coward; I'll teach you your duty!"

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OUR OMNIBUS.

PIPER PAN.

On Saturday, April 23rd, the annual benefit concert of Mr. Manns will be given at the Crystal Palace, with the assistance of the excellent Crystal Palace orchestra and other accomplished artists. This concert is one of the most interesting musical events of the spring season, and I hope it will be largely patronised.

During the long space of thirty-six consecutive years, Mr. Manns has directed the Crystal Palace concerts, which—under his management—have become renowned all over the civilised world. He has introduced to English music-lovers many great works and great artists, and I regard him as a benefactor who merits should be recognised by all who take interest in musical art. His benefit should be a bumper.

Paderewski, I regret to say, is so completely worn out by the fatigues of his American campaign, that he will not be able, for some months hence, to perform in public. I am glad, however, to know that he will soon begin to teach a few professional pupils, who are fortunate in having so accomplished and amiable a teacher.

Last autumn I introduced to my readers the name of Heinrich Lutter, an eminent German pianist, who studied for several years under Liszt, and is not only a brilliant performer of his master's works, but also an admirable exponent of the best kinds of classical music. He has again visited London, and will give pianoforte concerts at St. James's Hall, April 29th and May 10th, assisted at the first by Mr. Plunket Greene, and at the second by MM. Saurot (violin) and Whitehouse (violincello).

M. Lutter has not yet performed publicly in this country, but I had the pleasure of hearing him perform at the London residence of one of his English admirers. Half a dozen eminent critics were present, and concurred in pronouncing him a master of his art in its most varied forms. I recommend my readers to judge for themselves.

The Saturday and Monday Popular Concerts closed last week with great eclat, and will be resumed in October next. Mr. Chappell had to contend with bad weather and general mourning during the first half of his season, but I am happy to say that the second half was prosperous.

All who enjoy the pleasure of acquaintance with Sir Arthur Sullivan, and know how courageously he bears the suffering which at intervals is forced to endure, will rejoice to learn that he has recently gained an increase of strength, and will be long commencing his journey home from Italy by easy stages. I regret that he is not likely, for some months hence, to complete the opera which he had undertaken to compose for the Savoy Theatre.

Mr. Clinton, the popular first clarinet of the Crystal Palace and Philharmonic concerts, gave his second wind instrument concert at Steinway Hall last week with complete success. I look forward with interest to his third (and last) concert, when he will play the principal part in Brahms's new quintett, and will challenge comparisons with Herr Muhlfeld.

Owing to the difficulty of training a chorus, the proposed performance of "Nadesida," in aid of the movement for establishing a "Goring Thomas scholarship" at the Royal Academy of Music, has been abandoned, but a large sum is likely to be realised at a concert which will be given two months hence with the help of distinguished artists, in aid of the proposed scholarship. Let me suggest that a subscription list might be advantageously started in aid of this object.

Apropos of parrots that scream, I read with interest the answer given last week by my accomplished colleague, "Buc-land, Junior," to "F. F. S.," but having had much to do with parrots I have formed the opinion that some parrots have weak eyes and are glad to shelter them; others like the warmth of a coverlet, and are often wide awake when they are supposed to be asleep. I once taught a parrot to sing "do me sol do" (C, E, G, C), by singing those intervals to him while under his coverlet, and one night he gave an amazing proof that his ears were often open when his eyes were hidden. One of my musical friends took a house near mine, and accompanied me home four or five times a week from operas or concerts; stopping with me for brandies and sodas. On the night in question my friend entered the dining-room with me, and suddenly there was a sound of "Pop! crush, crush, crush, crush," which intimated that Poll perfectly well

known what was coming.

OLLA PODRIDA.—Patti will receive £5,000 for ten concerts here next autumn—Madame Nordica will make her first tour in the provinces next autumn—Mlle. Douste has been invited to give her Ruisseau concert in Paris—Sohr Menter will play Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto at the next Philharmonic Concert—Sir Augustus Harris's first operatic concert at St. James's Hall is fixed for Wednesday afternoon, May 25th. Organ concerts (free admission) will be given at the Albert Hall every Sunday afternoon till further notice.

BUCKLAND, JUNIOR.

An Indian paper chronicles the latest snake story, coming from Madras. It contains an account of a visit to an Indian hut which the owner and his children shared with thirty-seven cobras, the whole collection living together in perfect harmony and, it is added, safety, though one can hardly see how it could be called entirely free from risk. Perhaps the snakes had been operated upon, as the Indian snake-charmer's pet generally is, and their poison fangs extracted. The paragraph concludes—"The presence of the snakes was regarded as a pledge of good fortune, which would vanish should the snakes leave the house or bite one of the family." It seems a remarkably natural idea indeed that a cobra's bite does represent a diminution of good luck, especially to the unfortunate member of the family bitten. As to the misfortune of their leaving the house, opinions may differ. I am fond of snakes, but thirty-seven cobras inhabiting the same hut seems rather too much of a good thing, and I think that were I the owner of that cobra, I would recklessly court ill-luck by privately serving a notice to quit on those serpents.

Mr. L. C. Thornburn kindly forwards an interesting note on a cheetah which is on the way from Ceylon to London. The cheetah is following ticks at the rate of two a day; not a very large allowance for a full-grown animal, but it is necessary to keep him on a low diet. By some unaccountable whim, however, he has struck up a friendship with a cheetah which was put in his cage, and never left it. He watched it walking about the cage and picking up such grains as may be thrown in for it to eat, and even allows it to roost on his head and take similar liberties. What saved it from being devoured is a mystery, unknown to any one except the cheetah himself. My correspondent has

often seen the animal formerly, and says that it always appeared to him very ferocious, and looked as if, but for the strong bars of its cage, it would have made matters extremely lively for its neighbours.

A young friend of mine, who at present attends St. Paul's School, pointed out to me a paragraph in the school magazine for the present month which records the discovery and death of a hare in the school cricket field. St. Paul's School lies, as many of my readers know, on the south side of the Hammersmith-road, not very far west of Addison-road Station, and it seems to be an unsolved riddle as to where the hare came from. As far as I know—local readers will correct me if I err—there is no possible means of communication between the school field and any country in which hares can be imagined to exist by any chance in a wild state. Almost as strange is the appearance of a pheasant in the same field a short time ago.

I am glad to see that the writer deprecates the chasing of these mysterious visitors, for whether they have escaped from captivity or have journeyed into Hammersmith in some unknown manner, they deserve to be left alone.

I am very sorry not to be able to oblige "G. B.," who is already looking forward with anxiety to his autumn holiday. He possesses a monkey, and as he will be going to s-aside lodgings in August, he does not know what to do with his pet during that month. He asks me if I would be so good as to take care of it for him, knowing that I am fond of animals, for he cannot find any one to undertake it and he cannot bring it with him. Really "G. B." I regret extremely not to be able to help you; but I possess two monkeys, and will probably go away in August, and will take to some one to look after them.

There is not, by the way, some institution or establishment that undertakes the office of looking after and boarding various pets? Such a place would be a boon to people in "G. B.'s" position, who would probably be quite willing to pay a small weekly tariff for leaving their pets in really trustworthy hands. Caretakers of the ordinary sort are so very careless; besides, they are not capable of looking after such things as monkeys.

Cats are the animals which generally suffer most when the family goes away. Too often the house is shut up and pussy left to pick up her living as best she can. It is in this way that many cats become utterly spoilt, and grow wild and untractable. The Lost Dogs Home at Battersea for some time has undertaken to receive cats as "parlour-birds," and is very comfortable they look b-

always do good work. His performance in "A Fool's Paradise" is, in my opinion, decidedly effective. He has a pleasant personality, and constant practice might make an artist of him. No doubt he regrets that he did not "go through the mill" as his father did before him, and it may be his fear that he could never recover lost ground which has led him to come to his present resolution.

Miss Marion Lea remains true to her allegiance to Ibsen. Not only is she to appear by and by in "Rosmerholm," but she is to play Mrs. Landon in Miss Aichurh's revival of "A Doll's House" at the Avenue. In the same revival the rôle of Dr. Rank will be played by Mr. Herbert Fleming, a young actor who has accompanied Miss Aichurh and her husband throughout their

resumes his old rôle of Krogstad, in which

he could hardly be bettered.

"Peril," which is so soon to be revived at the Haymarket on Saturday nights, is the version of "Nos Intimes," which Mr. Clement Scott and Mr. B. C. Stephen-son made for the Bancrofts in 1873.

The part of the doctor was then played by Mr. Kendall, that of the heroine by Mr. Sudgen, and that of the heroine's husband by Mr. Bancroft, otherwise taken by Mr. Cecil, Mr. Kemble, and Mrs. Leigh Murray. The Bancrofts brought the piece out again in 1884, with Mr. Bancroft as the doctor, Mrs. Bernard Beere as the heroine, Mr. Forbes Robertson as her husband, and Mr. Conway as the aforesaid "dog." In 1885 Mrs. Langtry revived the play at the Princess's, with herself as Lady Ormond, and Mr. Beresford Tree as Sir W. B. Grafton, the character he is about to resume.

OLD IZAAK.

I hear from all quarters that trout are more plentiful than ever in the Thanes, and if conditions are at all favourable not a few are likely to come to grief during the Easter holidays. Rain will do no harm, for the water is everywhere bright and low. At present the sudden change of temperature has upset all calculations, for trout, in common with other fish, are very susceptible to atmospheric disturbances. Still, some good fish have already been had.

Mr. James Clapp, of the Brentford Piscatorial, piloted by W. Milhouse, got a hand-some fish of 4lb. on Monday last, from the water at Hampton Court, and several fine fish have been seen feeding in that locality. Mr. A. Lukyn, has taken two at Sunbury, one scaling 4lb., another 1lb., the latter, of course, being returned to the water. At Shepperton, N. Bolton, of Hampton Wick, secured a nice four-pounder; and at Staines, Charles Hone, with Mr. Walsh, landed one of 2lb., and took a much larger one.

A 4lb. carp, in spindid condition, was taken last week at Day's Water, the Old Ferry Boat, Tottenham, by Mr. Fred. Heyn, on single hair line, running tickle, and No. 9 roach hook. Day's Water is open for all fish, except jack and perch, until the close of the month, and is sure to be largely patronised by anglers during the next few days.

London anglers are proverbially jolly, and what with the readings, visits, smoking con-certs, prize distributions, testimonials, dinners, and suppers announced, will evidently have a lively time of it for the next month or two. Among the dinners (always the most important function) I note the Cambridge Friendly, April 27th; Silver Trout, May 3rd; Battersea Friendly, May 10th; and New Albion Piscatorial, May 10th. The Cambridge dinner takes place at Anderson's Hotel, and the others at their respective club-houses.

Most people know the merits of the nimble ninepins, and I understand that exact sum formed the contents of one of the collecting boxes for the T.A.P.S. just sent to Mr. Brougham, from the North-Western Angling Club. One shilling, in copper, resulted from a box at Hampton Court, and the more respectable sum of 8s. 6d. was found in the Silver Trout collecting-box, when opened by "Old Izak" on Tuesday last, and the society gives good promise of better things next time. The preservation societies must be bough more into touch with the clubs, but seem to be strangely fascinated at the same time, and cannot keep their eyes off him.

THE ACTOR.

I am glad so little notice has been taken of the amateur theatricals promoted by the Countess Russell at the Royal on Monday and Tuesday. The heroines of causes celebres ought not to be encouraged to distort them, selves upon the boards even at entertainments the proceeds of which (if any) are to be handed over to benevolent institutions. It is a regrettable feature of modern life that ladies of position should be willing to apo-gee public the antics of the burlesque actress, despicable as those may be in their proper place.

After the many failures there had been of late in the dramatic world, it was pleasant on Monday, to be present at a great a popular success as was achieved on the first night of "Niobe." When the play was over, one could not but wonder that so many months had elapsed between its provincial and its London production. "Niobe" has for some time been on the point of being brought out in town, but something has always come in the way. Even the Americans have seen it before the London public. One difficulty, I believe, in regard to London, has been the securing of a suitable representative for the rôle of the statue.

How difficult it is for the playgoer to contend against the influence of first impressions! Excellent as is the performance of "The Magistrate" at Terry's, we cannot help thinking of the Posket of Mr. Cecil, the Lucy of poor Clayton, the Horace Vale of Mr. Kerr, the Cissie Farrington of Mr. Evershield, the Beatie Tomlinson of Miss Norris, and, above all, the Agatha Posket of Mrs. John Wood. I wish we had had an opportunity of seeing Miss Bohan as Mrs. Posket; she played the part in New York in the English provinces the late Henry Ashley was the Posket and Mr. Alfred Bishop was the Lucy. These, too, must have been good representatives.

It is to be regretted that "A Doll's House" at the Bedford Head, Covent Garden, on Tuesday evening, and found Mr. Williams, of Great Queen Street, in the chair. Mr. Curtis represented the society with a beautifully framed and coloured copy of "Thursday" in which the monks of the good old times are depicted fishing for Friday's dinner. One of the most pleasing features of the meeting, was a quiet presentation to one of their members, who has a most honourable record, which but for these indiscriminate testimonial days, would certainly have been more widely recognised in his hour of need.

A correspondent asks for the best and cheapest dressing for all round jack lines, whatever that may mean. A paraffin dressing was once very highly recommended to me, but a line dressed by the inventor, on that principle went rotten at once, and I have heard little since of its valetudinarian merits. If one wants to take care of a line it should be unbound, and thoroughly dried after each time of using, a precaution failing which the best of lines will soon spoil.

I do not profess to be an expert in dressing lines, being content with those supplied by the tackle makers, who I fancy in most cases, it would be difficult to improve upon. A dressing recommended may, however, be made of boiled linseed oil, to half a pint of which three or four tablespoonfuls of gold size is added. The line must be thoroughly soaked in the mixture, then carefully wiped, and hung out to dry. The process should then be repeated, and if properly done, and sufficient time be allowed for the drying, a well dressed line ought to result. There are other methods, but this at least is as good as any.

GENERAL CHATTER, M.P.

It would be a good thing if Easterday always came as late as it does this year. The country generally presents more scope for employment in April than in March, especially to townsmen who revel in the unaccustomed greenery of their surroundings and in the sweet songs of the birds. I pity it that so many seem incapable of this sort of enjoyment unless accompanied by frequent drinks.

"Listen to the cuckoo, B. B.; isn't it a treat after the noise of Fleet-street?" and a rural

I think," was the reply: "is there any pub-
lic round about here?" Then there is the story of the townsmen who, being called upon to admire the singing of a nightingale, remarked, "It is very pretty, but somehow or other it always makes me feel thirsty."

Another depressing thought which occurs to the reflective mind at holiday seasons is that a very large number of people cannot travel even short distances by rail without repeatedly indulging in alcoholic refreshment. No sooner do they start than swigging begins; it really seems to be considered essential to get up steam for rolicking pleasure. I have often seen quite little children, almost babies, stimulated in this fashion.

It is a shame and a scandal that the law does not come down more heavily on dishonest traders who makes a practice of cheating their customers by means of unjust scales. Glancing over a Liverpool paper, I came upon no fewer than eight convictions for that offence at a single police court at one sitting. All were exactly of the same type, and had I been on the bench I would have awarded the maximum penalty in every instance. Instead of that, the magistrates contented themselves with inflicting trifling fines, a penalty which is easily borne out of the additional profits. The proper punishment would be some hours in the pillory, so that people might see the features of those who grind the faces of the poor.

The saying that dreams always go by their contraries does not invariably hold good. I have just read a story of a miserly individual down in Yorkshire who concealed his golden savings so cleverly that he could not remember where he had hidden them. This became rather awkward when his landlord gave him notice to quit, but on the very night before leaving a benevolent dream specified the exact spot where the money would be found. And found it was, much to the rejoicing of its lawful owner, who celebrated the occasion by having a fit. The dream does not appear to have foretold that unpleasant result.

Now that penny fares and the ticket system have come to stay, the bus companies would greatly consult the convenience of passengers by providing some means of notifying the driver when anyone wants to get down. The conductor is frequently on the roof collecting fares, and when this is the case passengers have to either hammer on the ceiling with their umbrellas or get out on the hind step to ring the bell. That is all very well in the case of men, but ladies find both processes extremely disagreeable. Why not have the bell inside instead of outside the door? If that change were made, both passengers and conductors could get at it without inconvenience.

A very novel trading enterprise is the "Home-made Sandwich Company," which has furnished me with some samples of its goods for judgment. The sandwiches, of various sorts, are packed in neat cardboard boxes, each containing half a dozen, the price of each packet being sixpence. They are of very superior quality compared with those usually dispensed at railway refreshment-rooms, and keep fresh much longer. Railway and steamboat passengers will find them agreeable companions; also organisers of picnics and other out-door jambettions.

Many country folks consider it a great advantage to live at a little distance outside the nearest town or village; by doing so they escape that horrible infliction, local gossip and petty scandal. There is, however, one drawback as a friend of mine found the other day. Driving over to pay a conventional visit to a neighbouring parson, with whom he had some slight acquaintance, he was ushered in to that worthy's corpse, the servant assuming that he had come to pay a last mark of respect to his old friend!

According to the law of the land, incitement to murder is a criminal offence of the very gravest character. I find, however, that it is winked at in one instance, if not in many. Last Saturday's issue of the Anarchists' London organ openly urged its readers to "do as John Felton did, when alone and unaided he bought the knife which struck down the tyrant." Having given this general exhortation, the murderous print proceeded to denounce "Hangman Hawkins" and "the Jesuitical monster at the Home Office" as "unfit to live." Lest, too, there should be any mistake about its meaning, it italicised the words "unfit to live." There is no stronger advocate of press freedom than I am, but this sort of villainous writing should certainly be suppressed.

Very observable was it at the Anarchists' show in Hyde Park last Sunday how few were the people who dropped money into the collecting bags. I should imagine that the whole sum gathered in did not amount to more than 2s. or 3s. all in copper. Yet some of those who took prominent parts in the proceedings appeared sufficiently well-to-do, judging from their attire. It was a beggarly display altogether, and did not convey the idea of a winning cause, as the Anarchists pretend that theirs is. Moreover, the foreign element largely predominated in the little throng, an indication that very few Englishmen have yet learnt to appreciate the loveliness of the dynamite gospel.

The Gresham Anglers have arranged an outing for Tuesday, August 9th, which will take the form of a pilgrimage to the shrine of my dear old predecessor, Izak Walton, and to be the angler's uncrowned patron saint. The day selected will be the 29th anniversary of his birth, and I am sure the Greshamites will find much to interest them in Winchester (the ancient capital of the kingdom), which, as their announcement rightly remarks, is the centre of the best fly-fishing district in England.

I gave a look in at the Silver Trout, at the Bedford Head, Covent Garden, on Tuesday evening, and found Mr. Williams, of Great Queen Street, in the chair. Mr. Curtis represented the society with a beautifully framed and coloured copy of "Thursday" in which the monks of the good old times are depicted fishing for Friday's dinner. One of the most pleasing features of the meeting, was a quiet presentation to one of their members, who has a most honourable record, which but for these indiscriminate testimonial days, would certainly have been more widely recognised in his hour of need.

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MADAME.

Now that the long-trained skirt is fashion-able the petticoat to be worn under it be-
comes a matter of some importance. Walking through the streets with our skirt sweeping the ground is not for a moment to be supposed possible. When the train is properly held up, either with the hand or by one of the many contrivances which have been invented for the purpose, and if this is not in keeping with the gown, it will spoil the effect of the entire costume. Ladies with untrained skirts have a separate petticoat to match each gown, but this is not in the least necessary if a little discretion is exercised in the choice of material and colour for the under-skirt.

The shot silk petticoats that are being worn must decidedly come under the head of expense, although looking pretty at first, they give but little wear. An excellent substitute for these silks is a thin make of watered moire; it will give double the wear and not nearly so much; and as moire can be had in all colours, dainty looking petticoats can be made in this old-fashioned honeycomb material. Black or grey will go with almost any gown; black for every day use, and one

of the many shades of grey for other occasions. Lustre or alpaca also make up well going round the carrier. It is a decidedly

cheap article at 8s. inferior ones have been sold before now at double that price.

A mere word or two as to the make. In order not to interfere with the proper set of the tight-fitting skirt, the petticoat must be cut on the same lines, the front fitted with small pleats on the hips, all the fulness being kept to the gored back. For wearing with a pretty well-dressed girl, who had his lower extremities thus disfigured. It must have annoyed the poor damsel. I feel assured, especially when they dismounted and her companion's uncutness became manifest to the world at large. Noblesse oblige; when a cyclist goes out with a daintily garbed lady, he ought to smarten himself up a bit in her honour.

JACK ALLROUND.

"We have sent a present of a case of dried apple rings. Can you tell me how to dress them?" writes "Julia S." and "M. M." asks, "How to prepare dried apple rings before making a pudding with them?" Put the apple rings to soak the night before you cook them, using enough cold water to cover them, and stew them in the same water next day. Do the cooking in an enamelled saucepan. When you so stew them, put in a small piece of stick cinnamon and a few cloves. I think you will find the spices a better flavouring than lemon peel, though some prefer the latter. When they begin to simmer add sugar according to taste, and stew for about half an hour or until soft. When stewed in this way they may be spread on sweet paste for roll-poly puddings or eaten with boiled rice or blancmange, or you may make them into puff, open tarts, deep tartlets, &c.

Having prepared the apple rings as above, here is a nice way of further dressing them. Take, say, a Yorkshire pudding tin, grease it well, and line it with short paste; upon this put a deep layer of the stewed apples, and cover all with paste, fastening the edges of the two pastes well together by pinching them with finger and thumb; brush the top paste over with water, and sprinkle castor sugar thickly over it; bake for half an hour in a moderate oven, then carefully turn it out of the tin by placing a flat board on the top of the paste and turning it upside down, when, if properly greased in the first instance, it will slip easily out of the tin. Now place your dish on the top of the pastry and turn it over again, which will bring the right top up, sift a little more sugar over it, and serve either hot or cold.

To three correspondents, who ask how to put "a good shine on" and "to clean and polish Britannia metal dish covers," and to make "keeping paste for brightening metal dish covers," I give the following:—Have some very finely powdered rottoman, and mix it with enough soft soap to make a stiffish paste, then to half a pound of the mixture work in two ounces of turpentine, and roll the polish into balls, form it into cakes to be covered with a little turpentine, and when you want to apply it to the Britannia metal mix a little of it with water and rub it all over the article, which must have been previously cleaned. A few minutes after you put it on polish it with a soft clean cloth, or, still better, with a soft piece of wash leather; it will give a fine lustrous polish. To clean the metal before you apply the above, use either whiting and water or soapuds.

"A Young Wife" is anxious to know how to make "a diet cake," and "Elsie" asks for a recipe for making "digestive cakes." They are both the same. To eighteen eggs allow a pound and a half of sugar, a pound and a quarter of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, and two drops, or a little less, if you can manage it, of essence of lemon, and powdered cinnamon enough to cover the half of a threepenny piece its own thickness. Put the eggs and sugar into a pan large enough to allow for whisking without danger of waste, and whip them well together for about half an hour, passing your whisk through the mixture always in one direction, not backwards and forwards, nor with an uncertain jerky stroke, but with a regular motion from right to left, bringing the whisk over to the right again, forming a circle each time. Do not stop or rest from whipping the mixture until quite ready, or the air cells you have formed by the regular rapid beating will collapse, and the result end in a heavy leathery cake. As with sponge cake so with this, carelessness in the matter of beating the eggs is a constant source of the failure of amateurs.

Now to proceed with the cake when, as above, you have whipped the eggs and sugar into a light batter, just before giving the last few strokes add the lemon essence and cinnamon. Partially mix the butter, but do not let it go into oil, and whip it into a light froth. Add the flour to the egg and sugar batter, and commence. When the flour is about half in, add the creamed butter gradually, at the same time continuing the mixing of the flour. Great care must be taken at this stage, as over-mixing will cause heaviness. As soon as the flour appears to be incorporated, turn it gently out into a tin with deep edges, well papered, and bake in a cool oven. This cake when cut resembles sponge cake of a rich yellow hue and light texture.

In reply to "Blanche," "M. S. T." and "A Careful Housewife," who wish to make "cold cream, one of the simplest methods is to take of either almond or neatsfoot oil eight ounces, spermaceti three ounces, and white wax an ounce and a half. Put these together into a vessel, which plunges into a hot water-bath, and keep up the temperature until you have them thoroughly melted and amalgamated. Now have a bowl or pan, which must be kept near the fire and very warm, and pour the melted fats into the bowl, and with a wooden spatula beat the mass constantly until it becomes a very uniform white body; then pour into it half a pint of rose water, slightly warmed, and about a quarter of an ounce of any other spirit perfume you may like, and proceed to beat the mixture perseveringly until you get the fatty substance. If properly done it should become, when this beating is perfect, soft, smooth, and white as snow. It is then fit to put into pots, and should be kept cool for use.

Five correspondents request a recipe for "mustard pickles" and for piccalilli. Two other correspondents ask me to give them "hints how to pickle vegetables," and "how to make" a cool liquor for general pickles." I hope all my readers who intend pickling this coming season will keep the following tips to them. If you want your pickles to be good and to keep well, always use the best and strongest vinegar. Many good pickle makers consider you should not boil the vinegar and spices, as the boiling causes a considerable portion of the strength and flavour to be lost by evaporation, but you can only omit the boiling by using, as I said, the very best vinegar. Many housewives find it quite as good and more convenient to parboil the vegetables in brine in place of soaking them in cold brine for a week. When they are parboiled the vegetables out of the hot brine and allow them to get quite cold and dry before you put the liquor on them. I am frequently asked what are the proper spices for flavouring and preserving pickles. I therefore give a list of those most frequently used:—Black pepper, long pepper, ginger, allspice, cloves, mace, mustard, horseradish, garlic, eschalots, and capsicum pods, with a portion of common salt.

To prepare a really good liquor for pickling, bruise in a mortar half a pound of the above spices, and put the mixture, with two quarts of good strong vinegar into a stone jar, stop the jar with a good bung, then cover the bung and neck of the jar with a bladder that has been soaked with pickle, and stand it by the fire for three or four days; shake it up well two or three times a day. The jar being air-tight, the full flavour is retained, and no evaporation can take place during infusion. If the vegetables intended for pickling be large, prick them with a fork or long needle so that they may imbibe the full flavour of the pickle. The vegetables

should at all times be kept well covered with the liquor, or they will be apt to turn bad. Use a wooden spoon for taking the pickles out of the jars or bottles, and should at any time take more pickles out of the bottle than are used never put them back into it again. Never use brass or copper for pickling; the vinegar produces verdigris in them, which is poisonous. Iron gives a bad colour to pickles; glazed vessels are best, but black tin will do.

Piccalilli is really a mixture of pickles of all sorts; every kind of vegetable may be used in it. I have told you how to parboil these in brine in the long process of steeping them in cold brine, but you can pursue either method. Take from the brine, of a uniform size and various colours, button onions, small bunches, broken off heads of cauliflower, cucumbers when in season, carrots cut up, sliced turnips, French beans, ginger, mace, cayenne pods, long spice, strips of horseradish, &c. Put them in jars or bottles, packing them tastefully, and cover them with the following liquor:—To each gallon of white wine vinegar put eight table-spoonsful of salt, eight table-spoonsful of mustard flour, four table-spoonsful of ground ginger, two table-spoonsful each of turmeric, allspice, and pepper, and boil the whole for one min. Before you put in the turmeric and mustard, mix them together with vinegar. When the mixture has boiled pour it into a dish and cover it until cold. When it is ready for pouring into the jar, cover the vegetables already placed in them. When the pickles have been covered well with the liquor, cork, and tie over with a bladder. Let them stand from four to six months, when they will be ready to use.

LONDON SHOP HOURS.

The select committee of the House of Commons appointed to consider the Shop Hours Bill sat again on Tuesday.

Mr. Stuart-Wortley presided.—Mr. Jones, of the firm of Jones Brothers, drapers, Holloway, said he was in favour of the present bill. He thought legislation was absolutely necessary on the point. He had been interested in movements for shortening the hours of labour, but he found that combination was impracticable. He knew Miss Fairlie, who had given evidence before the committee. He knew she had broken down. In his experience he had found many girls break down; girls who had been working 14 hours a day. When they came to his firm he found their health was not good. Even the hours at his establishment were too long. They were unreasonable hours for any woman to work. Mr. Jones went on to give his reasons for believing that female labour would not be displaced by the operation of the bill, even if men were excluded from it. Ladies, he said, preferred being served by female assistants. He was in favour of the early closing of all shops. On being pressed by a member as to the early closing of eating-houses and other places of refreshment, he said he would not like to pass an opinion on such establishments.—The committee adjourned until May 2nd.

A PROFESSOR'S DISAPPEARANCE.

M. Jaijlet, a professor of mathematics in Rennes, recently disappeared for several days; but this was not considered surprising.

He had disappeared before, being of an absent-minded disposition but had always reappeared. This time he did not. The authorities considered it time to inquire.

On the same day a party of four children, while passing through a wood four kilometres distant from the town discovered the body of a man hanging to a tree, with the hands—which were bloodstained—tied behind the back.

On recovering from their terror the children hurried back to Rennes and informed the commissary of police of their adventure.

This official, in accordance with prescribed routine, informed the central commissary, who communicated with the judicial authorities, who told the gendarmerie officer at Rennes, who in his turn instructed his colleague at Loire, in whose district the wood in question is situated. By such time as this the gendarmerie appeared on the spot, the body had disappeared, and no trace of it could be found in the wood. The children—or whom there were four—persist in their story, and one of them immediately recognised a photograph of Profes or Jaijlet as that of the man seen hanging to the tree. The story is told by the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*.

FRAUDS ON MEDICAL MEN.

At the Worship-street Police Court, Charles and Julia Clark, middle-aged people, who said they were man and wife, and who had been apprehended on a warrant by Det. Insp. Conquest, of Scotland Yard, were charged, on remand, with conspiracy to defraud divers persons.—A sworn information was read, and showed that for twelve months past complaints had been made by the medical gentlemen of various hospitals in London and the provinces that they had been victimised by some one impersonating old students of the hospital. The process appeared to be to learn the name of some old student of a particular hospital, and then a begging letter was written to one of the physicians attached, representing that the old student was in poverty and ill-health. Not infrequently it was said that he had just returned from one of the colonies, and required only temporary help, to be forwarded to an address given. Over a dozen aliases had been used, the addresses being at some small shop where letters were taken in for a small fee. Information had been laid by Mr. C. E. Shelley, M.D., of St. Bartholomew's, a fraud on him, the name of the old student used being Bowe, and the address given 146, Kingsland-road, Islington. Conquest gave evidence that he had been instructed by the police to telegram to an address, and saw the female prisoner, there—a small stationer's shop, and leave with the telegram. He followed her to a house near Dissastree, Hackney-road, where she entered a room, and joined the ruse prisoner. The telegram had then been opened and was on the mantelpiece.—Mr. St. John Wontner, who appeared for the prosecution, said he was instructed by the Charity Organisation Society, which for years past had been complained to of the frauds perpetrated by these people, but the difficulty was to get any one to come forward. He had, however, information in eight or nine cases, and there was no doubt a great many more. The male prisoner said he was willing to plead guilty if the magistrate would settle the case at once. His wife had acted only under his orders.—Mr. Wontner said it would be found that the woman had taken a very prominent part in the frauds, often making calls on the medical gentlemen written to, and saying that her husband was sick and had sent her.—Mr. Rose granted a further remand.

APPEAL BY SIR H. ISAACS.

Sir H. Isaacs appealed from a decision of Mr. Justice Stirling placing him on the list of contributors in the winding-up of the Anglo-Austrian Printing and Publishing Union. As a director of the company he was required to take shares of the nominal value of £1,000, but none were applied for or allotted to him.—The Court of Appeal held that Sir H. Isaacs was rightly placed on the list of contributors, as one of the articles of association provided that if a director did not take his qualifying shares within a month he should be deemed to have taken them.

A bright writer in *Womankind* says, "If Columbus had not married a wife with a dowry of geographical love, and found a queen with plenty of jewellery, this world might still have been nothing but a pancake."

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.—LOCKHART'S SULPHUR HAIR.

It is the quickest, best, safest, easiest, effects more

迅速 and safe, and has been unaffected by

his ELECTROPATHIC APPLIANCES, and as sufferers may obtain reliable advice for charge, the Electropathic and

Testimonials. Note only address—The Electropathic and

Zander Institute, 32, Oxford-street, London, W. corner of

Hathorne-place. *Patent*—(Advt.)

BEACONSFIELD.

Pis England's woodland blossom sweet Around the status-glorious seat Of him who made her or we complete, And let conflicting parties see The willing homage of the free.

No Opposition strife can dim A time still sacred unto him.

Democracy may lead the way; Ay, though all creeds should thunder nay,

The world stands still on Primrose Day.

And looks into a great "gone by."

With healing breast and flashing eye We give our offerings of flowers,

And from the East to Minster towers We claim the mighty Jew as ours.

See, not alone upon the breast

Of riches does the primrose rest,

But on the toller's honest vest.

For working England still is proud Of one who rose from out the "crowd."

And stood upon the neck of spite,

And boldly parted wrong from right.

Whose voice was heard above the jeers,

Arrayed against his boyish years.

The peer of England's proudest peers.

Who toiled with tongue as well as pen,

To show a purer light to men.

And roared the lion from his sleep,

And, widening the ocean's sweep,

Made him the monarch of the deep.

And what of democratic cries,

And what of storms from alien skies?

And prints we nickname "Liberty?"

The primrose pale shall never be.

Washed from the shores he made the free.

Aye, "Peace with honour" shall remain,

And link the simple primrose chain.

Which knits us unto him who stood,

And still shall stand on land, o'er flood,

As the great earl.

And better than the great—the good.

BY BEN.

BURNING OF A FOUNTAIN-HOUSE.

The Old Oak Inn, Hornchurch-road, Romford, was, on Monday, completely destroyed by fire.

The fire broke out at a quarter past nine in the morning, and so rapidly did the flames spread that in half an hour the whole building was well alight.

At the time of the outbreak the only people in the house were the landlord (Mr. W. Tomsett), his wife, and the servant, the two last being upstairs.

Mr. Tomsett states that he was filling a paraffin lamp in the bar, and had placed the bottle containing the oil upon the floor.

His dog-chanced to come in and upset the bottle, and the oil ran over the floor.

Mr. Tomsett, in endeavouring to save it, let his pipe fall, and some sparks coming from it ignited the paraffin.

He ran into the back-yard to get water, and in the meantime two large glass vessels containing oil exploded, and the bar was a mass of flames.

The Romford fire brigade were quickly on the spot, and the party of four children, who had been occupying the old house, were soon out of the flames.

The house is situated at the end of a block of buildings known as Oak terrace, and, finding their efforts to save the Oak-fatal, the firemen turned their attention to the protection of the adjoining houses.

The next house was occupied by Mr. Joshua, whose wife is a widow, and amid much excitement this lady was carried out upon a stretcher just as the flames were appearing through the wall of the apartment.

Mr. Joshua's house was completely gutted. The outer walls of the Oak shortly afterwards fell in, no one, fortunately, being hurt.

Owing to the rapidity with which the flames spread, the landlord was able to save nothing except his dog-bed, which his wife brought down stairs with her.

The house was the property of the Old Hornchurch Brewery Company, who recently acquired it, with the business, of Messrs. H. and B. Holmes.

JACK ASHORE.

"Are sailors still drugged and then robbed in this neighbourhood?" This pertinent

question, at the suggestion of a visitor, was asked the other evening by Mr. R. Radcliffe

of a meeting of seamen of all nationalities

gathered at tea in the hall of the "Strangers' Rest," Hatcham Highway. The reply was unanimous, emphatic, and startling. "Yes," cried the company in one voice, and then first one sailor and next another described how, quite recently, he had been stripped of his clothing and money whilst insensible. "It is a common occurrence," said one, "and a horrid bound man puts himself in the way of drink as is sure to be robbed." "Here's a fellow who is bound to be robbed," said a second sailor, "who had his coat and his boots taken off him, and they didn't drag him at all!" "The publicans are not to blame altogether," asserted a third man; but a companion declared that he would not trust himself to "get a liquor" in any house in the locality. Much remana, it is clear, to be done before "The Highway" is purified, and the improvement which has already taken place is due largely to the existence of such institutions as "the Rest," with its reading and writing-rooms and other conveniences for Jack ashore.

SCENE AT A BULL FIGHT.

A serious disturbance occurred at Nimes in the course of a bull fight, in which both French and Spanish performers took part.

One of the principal items on the programme was an appearance in the ring of a "lady bull-fighter," described on the bills as "la Marquise de Bondi." On entering the arena the unfortunate individual fell from her horse and injured her head. As she was unable to proceed with the performance, a sailor made his way to the police station, and there reported the loss. The following

evening Insp. Senett (in whose charge the case was placed), clad in an old coat, with a clay pipe in his mouth, entered the "fourale" of the public-house where the robbery took place, and, after being served with his "half-pint," ensconced himself quietly in a corner. The occupants of the bar increased, and the conversation, which had reference to "a ship of luck" a certain man called Jack had had the previous night, was suddenly brought to a standstill by a loud shout which greeted a young fellow as he entered. It was "Jack" himself, clad in a new suit of new suits, and wearing a coloured handkerchief around his neck, the envy of all his friends. A word or two was dropped as to what had become of the "briny boy," which gave the clue to the detective. And upon getting a look at the face of the wearer of the handkerchief he recognised him as the man spoken of by the sailor. Presently the detective informed "Jack" he would have to go to the police station. "The 'rals," looked angry, and seemed inclined to take active steps to effect a rescue, but the inspector promised that if one of them stirred he would be made to feel the effects of a well-delivered blow from a truncheon. So John Hayman, 27, was brought up at the Southwark Police

LAST WEEK'S
LAW AND POLICE.

Chancery Division.

THE LEEDS CHARITY CASE.—THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL V. TALBOT AND OTHERS.—His lordship delivered judgment this morning in the above action, which was heard on the 29th March last, and then reported. The question in issue was as to the proper administration of an ancient charity at Leeds, called Wade's (or Ward's) Charity, originally established by the will of one Wade (or Ward), about the year 1539, for the purpose of mending the roads in Leeds. The income of the charity was now £3,000 per annum, and under an Act of 1886 the management, &c., of the roads was vested in the corporation of Leeds. By the scheme proposed by the Attorney-general, a body of eighteen trustees were to be constituted, of which the vicar, the mayor, and three town councillors were to be ex-officio members, and the funds of the charity were to be devoted to providing small open spaces for the benefit, recreation, or health of the inhabitants in the most crowded parts of Leeds. The corporation objected to the scheme, on the ground that they ought to be far more strongly represented on the body of trustees, and that the objects of the scheme ought to be made to comprise improvements and widening of streets, &c. in place in respect of which there would be some hesitation in doing such things at the expense of the rate-payers. There was a provision in the scheme enabling the trustees, at the request of the corporation, and with the leave of the judge, on notice to the Attorney-general, to apply any part of the capital and income of the charity in providing and maintaining an open space which, though an improvement to the town, might not be in strictness for the benefit, recreation, or health of the inhabitants.—His lordship said he had thought it better that this matter should be heard in public than in chambers. In 1890, no provision existed for raising money for the repairs of roads by means of rates. Other circumstances had also changed. The execution of duties connected with roads was vested in the corporation, who appeared to have acted liberally in the performance of their statutory duties. The corporation considered that they should have a majority amongst the trustees, and have the practical control of the trust fund. However, in the first place the corporation had no rights in the matter. The scheme did not affect any of their vested interests. Secondly, charitable funds ought not, as a rule, to be applied in relief of the rates. It was a ground of objection to a scheme for a charity that had made a provision for objects provided for by means of rates. Thirdly, it had been the policy of the legislature to direct municipal corporations of estates held upon charitable trusts and to provide other trustees in their place. At the same time, he had no doubt that the municipal corporations of the present day discharged their duties in a more enlightened public spirit than the old corporations did before the year 1855. Regarding being had to the circumstances of the case, he thought that a preponderating vote ought not to be given to the corporation. It was of importance to preserve the separate and independent existence of the charity. He, however, would allow an amendment to the scheme, and provide for the corporation's ex-officio representation on committees of the trustees. He saw no judicial reason for extending the disposition of the funds to the widening of streets. In framing his scheme, the Attorney-general had in his mind, as it appeared, the providing of recreation grounds in the poorest parts of the town for persons who had not time to take a tramcar or go on foot to the municipal parks. The mere widening of streets involved the pulling down of houses, and tended to displace the poorer inhabitants.—The proposed scheme was, therefore, allowed.

Bankruptcy Court.

FAILURE OF AGENTS.—The debtors, R. W. Fairbairns and Sons, trading as crockery and glass factors and agents at 65, St. Mary Axe, re-entrance filed their petition, and a summary of their accounts was now issued. The joint liabilities amount to £20,680, and £12,173 are expected to rank, and the assets are estimated at £3,141. The separate liabilities of W. H. Fairbairns are returned at £7,260, and assets £110. On the separate estate of F. R. Fairbairns, the separate liabilities are £1,060, and the assets £50. It appears that the business was established about fifty years ago by the debtor's father, and was prosperous until 1888, when the firm sustained a heavy loss through a partner at Hanley, to whom they rendered financial assistance. The official receiver observes that the usual and proper books of account have been kept.—The debtors make no proposal and have been adjudged bankrupt.

City Summons Court.

A BRAVE CONSTABLE COMPLIMENTED.—George Spink was summoned for driving to the common danger of the public.—P.C. Bridges, 194, said that on Monday morning, March 21st, he was assisting some children across Red Cross-street when defendant drove up with a butcher's cart, about eight miles an hour, on his wrong side. Witness held up his hand, but defendant took no notice, and he had to run at the horse and pull it up, or the children would have been injured. Defendant, when spoken to, said, "You are a nice gentleman, when a fellow's got his horse at a nice pace, to pull it up on its haunches like this."—P.C. Ellis corroborated.—Alderman Moore said that for the coolness and bravery of Bridges defendant might have been charged with manslaughter.—Fined 4s. and costs, or fourteen days.

London County Sessions.

(Before Sir P. H. Eden, Q.C.)

FURIOUS DRIVING.—John Thatcher, a drayman, appealed against a conviction by Mr. Shiel, sitting at the Westminster Police Court, of twenty-one days' imprisonment, with hard labour, for, as driver of a horse and cart, he was unlawfully drunk in St. George's-square on the 26th of January. Mr. Macmillan for the respondent; Mr. Forrest Fulton for the appellant.—The evidence for the respondent was that the defendant might have been charged with manslaughter.—Fined 4s. and costs, or fourteen days.

IMPORTANT LICENSING APPEAL.—Jesse Eaton appeared against the refusal of the justices of the Tower Division to renew a license to sell liquor to be consumed on the premises known as the Hen and Chickens, Rivington-street, Shoreditch. Mr. Green appeared for the magistrates; and Mr. Forrest Fulton for the appellant.—Mr. Forrest Fulton took an objection to the terms of objection sent to the magistrates against the renewal of the license, as it only alleged misconduct. The notice was signed by the Rev. Septimus Buss, but was written for a different hand. He urged that it was necessary to state or give notice to the owner of a house the grounds of his objection. He submitted, therefore, that as no specific ground of opposition had been set forth, the magistrates had no jurisdiction. All they

could do was to refuse the license on the ground that the house was not required in the neighbourhood.—After hearing Mr. Green, the bench held the notice at the station. As a result, the prisoners were arrested in Holborn. When at the station house one of them threw what turned out to be a packet of imitation bank notes on the fire.—Committed for trial.

(Before Mr. Warry, Q.C.)

RUSHING A DETECTIVE.—William Irons surrendered to bail on a charge of attempting to steal a watch and chain from the person of William Collins.—Det. Collins, E. Division, stated that on the night of the 27th of March he was coming out of a newsagent's shop in Drury-lane, when he was accosted by the prisoner and several others. Prisoner asked him if he would stand treat, and he replied, "Certainly not." Prisoner then said, "Did you back the winner?" and prosecutor replied, "You have made a mistake; you do not know who you're speaking to." Prisoner then made a snatch at his watch and chain, but prosecutor struck him across the hand with a stick, and then the whole party ran away. He at once raised a cry of "Stop thief!" and followed up to Drury-court, where the prisoner was arrested.—The jury found a verdict of guilty, and Mr. Warry sentenced him to twenty months' hard labour.

Middlesex County Sessions. (Before Mr. R. D. M. Little.)

IMPORTANT LICENSING APPEAL.—A composite appeal, including several diverse interests, was heard against a decision of the licensing justices for the Highgate Division in refusing to grant a renewal license to H. James Noble, for the Bull Inn, Friern Barnet. Mr. Poland appeared for the respondents; Mr. Candy, Q.C., and Mr. Bodkin for Noble and Mr. Christie, brewer, Hoddesdon, Herts, lessor of the premises; while Mr. Besley represented the trustees of the estate.—It seemed that the justices refused the renewal on the ground that Noble was not a fit and proper person to hold a license, he having been convicted of two assaults, and that the house was not wanted in the neighbourhood, there being another within fifty yards.—The arguments lasted over two hours, and in the end the appeal was granted, with the provision that the license be transferred from Noble to some person approved by the local justices.

THE FASTING MAN'S AGENT IN TROUBLE.—Charles Cunningham, who said he had been agent to the "fasting man" at the Aquarium, pleaded guilty to stealing a pony, harness, and trap, the property of Reuben Appleton. The prisoner hired the pony and trap from the prosecutor, who lives at Staines, on the pretence that he wanted to drive to Brentford. Instead of doing so, however, he drove to Islington, where he sold the pony and trap for £6, being, it was said, under the influence of drink at the time. He afterwards wrote to the prosecutor saying what he had done, and in consequence of that the property was recovered.—The prisoner, who had been in custody since the beginning of February, was now released on his recognizances in £20 to come up for judgment when called upon to do so.

(Before Mr. Loveland Loveland.)

AN ALLEGED TRAINER OF YOUNG PHEASANTS.—Patrick Cohen and Wm. Scott were indicted for stealing £5, the money of Frederick Vass, Mr. Leicester prosecuted.—Prosecutor keeps the Mopus of Granby public-house, High-street, Hounslow. On March 17th Scott entered the house first and was followed by Cohen. The prosecutor's daughter went to an adjoining room leaving the prisoners in the bar, and on her return in a few minutes found the till had been opened in her absence, and on going to the door she saw the prisoners walking down the road. She called her father, who ran after and caught the prisoners, and they were given in custody. When charged, Cohen said, "If I have robbed you you can have it back," and at the same time as he threw some money down.—Both prisoners were found guilty and recommended to mercy on account of their youth—22 and 16 respectively—but previous convictions were proved against Cohen, who was said to be a trainer of youths younger than himself. He was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour, but Scott was remanded in order that Mr. Wheatley might make inquiries with a view to his reformation.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.—Fredk. Kitchener, 28, greengrocer, was indicted for stealing a pony, set of harness, &c., value £30, the property of his wife, Annie Kitchener, and also with assaulting her. Mr. Sydenham Jones prosecuted.—The parties were married in December, and on March 10th last were living at Minster-road. The wife said she had a business, money, and property at the time of the marriage, while her husband had literally nothing. On the day in question they drove home together, and after assaulting her he drove off the pony and cart and sold them at Leyton for £3 15s. The wife afterwards missed several articles of clothing, &c., as well as some pawn tickets for jewellery which had been pawned by her consent. The prisoner did not return home and a warrant was issued for his apprehension. She made him his acquaintance in September, shortly after the loss of her husband, and he occasionally helped her in her business. On the night he assaulted her she was so frightened that she dare not stay at home, and slept at a neighbour's. On her return next morning she missed the articles when arrested the prisoner was wearing one of the stolen rings.—The jury found the prisoner guilty, and a previous conviction with a sentence of five years' penal servitude, together with other convictions were proved against him.—He was now sentenced to three years' penal servitude.

Bow-street.

THE CONFIDENCE TRICK AGAIN.—Henry Lamb and George Bellman were charged with obtaining £2 10s. from Robert Johnson, a seaman.—Prosecutor said that about a fortnight ago, while standing at the corner of a street of the Strand, he saw the prisoners. Lamb came up to him and said it was a very crowded thoroughfare. He inquired whether it was the same all over London, as he was a stranger. This he followed up by an invitation to have a glass of ale. They accordingly went over Waterloo Bridge and entered a public-house, where they were joined by Bellman, who said that he was a stranger too, but had had a guide to conduct him over London in the shape of a servant girl. He had, however, given her some money to buy a pair of gloves, and she had yielded to temptation and gone off with it. He showed a quantity of notes in a book, and said he had had a lot of money left him, and that he was going to give away a large portion of it. Indeed, he went so far as to promise Lamb a ring and Johnson a watch. After a stroll along the Embankment to look at Cleopatra's Needle, they alighted to another public-house near Charing Cross. Here Bellman asked Lamb whether he would have him money to carry on his lawsuit. Lamb said he would have done so, and as an earnest of this produced what appeared to be four sovereigns and offered to lend them to him there and then. Bellman asked him whether he would trust him with them, and, on his replying in the affirmative, took them and went out with Johnson for a stroll. On their return, he presented Lamb with what looked like a £5 note as a reward for his confidence. Lamb wanted to get his change, saying that he ought to give half to Johnson, who he was sure, would have been equally ready to lend him money in like fashion. Bellman asked if this were so, and Johnson said it was, and handed over £2 10s. to him in proof of the assertion.

IMPORTANT LICENSING APPEAL.—Jesse Eaton appeared against the refusal of the justices of the Tower Division to renew a license to sell liquor to be consumed on the premises known as the Hen and Chickens, Rivington-street, Shoreditch. Mr. Green appeared for the magistrates; and Mr. Forrest Fulton for the appellant.—Mr. Forrest Fulton took an objection to the terms of objection sent to the magistrates against the renewal of the license, as it only alleged misconduct. The notice was signed by the Rev. Septimus Buss, but was written for a different hand. He urged that it was necessary to state or give notice to the owner of a house the grounds of his objection. He submitted, therefore, that as no specific ground of opposition had been set forth, the magistrates had no jurisdiction. All they

could do was to refuse the license on the ground that the house was not required in the neighbourhood.—After hearing Mr. Green, the bench held the notice at the station. As a result, the prisoners were arrested in Holborn. When at the station house one of them threw what turned out to be a packet of imitation bank notes on the fire.—Committed for trial.

Guildhall.

STEALING PROVISIONS.—James Miller, 35, was charged with stealing a trolley containing a ham and some cheeses belonging to Henry Webb, cheesemonger, Central Market.—P.C. 84 G, said that he saw the accused carrying a ham in Golden-lane. Witness was informed by a lad that he had stolen it from a trolley, so he stopped the prisoner, and asked him where he got it from. He said a man gave it to him to carry. He was taken to the station and found to be drunk, but he knew what he was doing.—Arthur Berrecoff, assistant to Henry Webb, said that he left the trolley and contents outside the shop and he missed it. The man was young, he had for nearly four years off and on led an immoral life. On this occasion she went to the Oxford Music Hall, spent the money and stayed out all night. She was to be pitied as she had no one to look after her.—Remanded.

Mansion House.

SERIOUS CHARGES OF EMBEZZLEMENT.—Charles John Cockett, 43, clerk, was charged before Alderman Wilkin with embezzling and stealing moneys belonging to the Civil Service Supply Association, of 136, Queen Victoria-street. Mr. Wontner prosecuted.

The prisoner had been for ten years in the service of the association, and it was his duty to pay out money from time to time. On the 2nd inst. he produced a voucher for £14 10s. d., purporting to be due to Messrs. N. Newton and Co., frame makers in Eagle-street, Holborn, and he received that sum, but he was only to hold over £7 0s. 6d., which was the correct amount. On a previous day it was found that he had received £1 5s. and paid over £7.—Mr. Wontner said the total amount of the deficiency was about £30. The association wished the prisoner to be dealt with summarily and leniently in consideration of his ill-health and large family. Four months' hard labour.—James Miller Crichton, 24, a cobbler, was charged on a warrant with stealing £200, belonging to his employers, the London Banking and Assets Corporation, 32, New Bridge-street. Mr. Edwards, solicitor, prosecuted.—The prisoner was a clerk in the service of the prosecutors from 1890 until March 23d, when he absconded. It was found on the 13th March that he had received £200 and paid over £7.—Mr. Wontner said the total amount of the deficiency was about £23. The association wished the prisoner to be dealt with summarily and leniently in consideration of his ill-health and large family. Four months' hard labour.—James Miller Crichton, 24, a cobbler, was charged on a warrant with stealing £200, belonging to his employers, the London Banking and Assets Corporation, 32, New Bridge-street. Mr. Edwards, solicitor, prosecuted.—The prisoner was a clerk in the service of the prosecutors from 1890 until March 23d, when he absconded. It was found on the 13th March that he had received £200 and paid over £7.—Mr. Wontner said the total amount of the deficiency was about £23. The association wished the prisoner to be dealt with summarily and leniently in consideration of his ill-health and large family. 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CIGARETTE PAPERS,
FOR AFTER-DINNER SMOKING.
BY JOSEPH HATTON.

Good Friday in the City.

No, I am taking no Easter holiday. When the sun shines London is good enough for me. Indeed, there is no time when it is not good enough. Did you ever prowl about the City on a Good Friday? A curious experience. It is a city of dead houses and empty banks. The taverns are deserted, and the ordinary places of refreshment are closed. The Exchange is silent, and the goryous porters of the Bank of England are no longer on duty. The roadways about the Exchange are turned into skating rinks by the gamines of the streets. One very kind of roller they hold high festival where on other days men of mark and traders of renown most do congregate. The City poli emigre no longer busy. The traffic of bus and cab takes care of itself. The officers lounge in the sun and watch the sparrows. Omnibus men have flowers in their buttonholes, and are no longer anxious to come or go. Time has paused for them. It is Good Friday. The City is resting from the worry of transferring stocks and gold from one set of people to another. On this day, depend upon it, the ghosts of dead speculators love to walk in the light, apparitions of the days of the East India Company, promoters of the first railways, misers, and bankers who hated to leave their money behind them. I believe I have seen some of these ghosts; for I have had business up there among the rollerskaters and the empty banks on several Good Fridays. You should go and see the curious old fellows who walk there when the brokers and bankers and scheming promoters are far away in the south of France, sailing on the Mediterranean, or smoking the cigars on the steps of the Old Ship Brighton.

Clearing Up.

On Monday I shall stroll into the Zoo or walk to Hampstead Heath to see the soberish people at play. If you had the statistics of the thousands who have left London during the week and had before you a railway calculation of those who will depart to-day and to-morrow you might wonder how the Zoo, Hampstead, Kew, Richmond, the National Gallery, South Kensington, and the Crystal Palace could be thronged on Easter Monday. But the majority of Londoners who are left in town will be in the streets. The coming World's Fair at Chicago will be as a village when compared with holiday-making in London.

What have I been doing by way of recreation? Clearing up. Buskin suggests to artists as useful incidental occupation "a considerable amount of manual labour in the matter of colour-grinding and canvas stretching."

Turning out drawers, rearranging books, putting up letters, looking over old ones, sorting papers, might to a literary man represent a kindred exercise. You may achieve a wonderful amount of backache and muscular strain in this way. Sometimes the debris of your rummage is worth investigating. Try it. There is a sensation of self-delight in the work; and, when it is over, the decks clear, the chaff in your waste-paper basket, the grain in a little heap on your desk, you feel very comfortable; it is like smoking a choice cigarette after dinner.

An Intellectual Forty Winks.

Contemplating the work you have done is an intellectual forty winks. You dream over those old letters, smile at the memoranda of stories and essays that have never been written, and never will be. You know more about the world of letters since you jotted down those vagrant thoughts and fancies. And who would have thought that So-and-So, the high and mighty, could have written that humble letter of twenty years ago? or that So-and-so, who has filled the world with a genuine fame, could yesterday have written that other sweet and gentle letter? You remember "S.G.O." of the Times. He has been mentioned in the current news of the past week. He was Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne, as you know, a learned and scholarly writer. In my reverie rummage I turn up several letters of his belonging to an interesting correspondence, and I find him saying to me of himself: "I am a very ignorant person," and intimating that his Times letters would have been but poor compositions without editorial review. A very ignorant person! I would have half as learned as he was. In the same collection I find a note from Victor Hugo, couched in most modest terms. "The Humility of the Truly Great" would be a good subject for Mr. W. Davenport Adams's next "Ramble into Bookland." He would have a wide range of examples from Longfellow to poetry to D'Urville in philosophy. I am not quite sure that Whitman would come in. It struck me that there was in the famous American a good deal of the pride that apes greatness. The first personal pronoun was "writ large" in all his work, and even at his humble cottage door he seemed to sit for admiration. That was not his fault. The moment Rossetti and others on this side discovered that he was "a great poet" certain of his fellow-countrymen made a lion of him. He was always ready to talk of himself and his work. I never think this a very good sign. It is delightful to get experts to talk shop; but, as a rule, men of distinction are shy about discussing themselves. Look round among your own acquaintances and count up "flippant and foolish as its brother blockheads," among whom it is described as leading "the entire swine"; while the Courier is denounced as "that abject slave and unprincipled fool of the Ministers." The Post, it was a financial failure (no reflection on its ability), and Cobbett's hit at the "reprobate bud" of a drunk-un man like a good Samaritan, the wedding guest suddenly vowed to raise the drunkard on his feet, but he was so arched by a grouch, followed by a puncture in the body, which will probably prove fatal. The in-bred brute, savage because his road-side sobs had been interrupted, had tak'en out a knife and stabbed Dardiner. The drunkard made an attempt to escape, but was soon captured. Dardiner is now in hospital, dangerously near death.

Dickens and "Punch."

There is shortly to be published, I hear, a new history of "Punch." I think Mr. Arthur Beckett was the latest author to contemplate such a work without going on with the idea, though he may possibly include some "Punch" notes in his current "Green-room Recollections." Among the memoranda of my "clearing up" I find a note or two touching the reported connection of Dickens with "Punch." Only recently I saw it mentioned that Dickens was a member of the "Punch" staff and one of its frequent contributors. This was not so. He wrote one article for "Punch," and one only. The error has arisen, no doubt, through the friendly relations of the two men. Scarcely a day passes at one period of their lives without they met at each other's houses. When Dickens lived at Tavistock House, Lemon lived close by in Gordon-square. They generally devoted one or two nights a week to a London ramble, which was frequently an excursion to the East-end, picking up character at minor theatres, circuses, and other places of resort in the wildest districts of the metropolis. Clarkson Stanfield, the painter, occasionally joined them, and they made odd and curious acquaintances during these expeditions. Lemon planned the places to be explored, as is shown in Dickens's letters. It was Dickens and Lemon who discovered Robson in the east, and were the means of obtaining for him his first engagement in the west.

Scaring the Editor.

The spirit of practical joking does not at any time seem to have been active among the regard for the theatre either as an art or an

joke on each other now and then. Once when Mark Lemon took a holiday, a Beckett, who had charge in his absence, sent the chief a bogus paper, with the cartoon printed away, the front page wrongly dated, a paragraph upside down, and other defects. The copy of the new number was posted on a Tuesday night, so that it would reach Mark by the earliest morning mail; but his locomotives was too tender-hearted to allow him to suffer long; by the next post the harassed editor received a properly corrected edition.

Thackeray and "Little Domby."

Thackeray was the only man on the "Punch" staff with whom Mark Lemon was not upon quite easy terms. "I never felt really at home with him," he said to me during one of our numerous gossip, "he was so wise, genial, yes, but whatever subject you might discuss you felt that he would know most about it. He seemed too great for ordinary conversation, too learned, knew so much! Now Dickens was very different. He was full of fun, wise, yes but merry, buoyant with animal spirits. I always liked Thackeray nevertheless, and liked him more particularly because he liked Dickens—never showed a spark of jealousy of his work, which, indeed, he openly and frankly admired." Thackeray read, for instance, "Domby and Son," every month with avidity.

On the fifth number appeared containing the death of little Domby, Thackeray went down to the "Punch" office and started Mark Lemon by suddenly laying the part down before him and exclaiming, "There! Head that. There is no writing against such power as that—no one has a chance. Read the description of young Paul's death; it is unsurpassed; it is stupendous!" Douglas Jerrold used to say, "I have known Thackeray eighteen years, and I don't know him yet."

The Pictorial Press.

The Illustrated News is very much an evidence just now—more so than the proprietors like or desire. When one looks at the illustrated press of to-day and the important place it holds in the higher ranks of journalism, it seems as a matter of time quite a recent institution. The pictorial press of England originated with the Illustrated London News in 1842. Mr. Herbert Ingram, a newsagent, of Nottingham, was the founder. He had noticed that when the local press published a picture of some notable event—a murder more particularly—the sale of the illustrated sheet was very large. "What, then, would be the sale," thought Ingram, "of a paper that should be all pictures?"

From the moment this idea occurred to him he never rested until he came to London and put it into practical shape. Of course he was told that his scheme was ridiculous, it would never succeed. People in all ages have generally been so self-satisfied and so deeply impressed with their own wisdom that they have never encouraged changes, and they have invariably obstructed changes, to the detriment of improvement and reform. Even Mr. Charles Knight considered Ingrain's a rash experiment that must end in disaster. On the other hand, Mr. John Gilbert of those days now Sir John lent the scheme his countenance, and, what was more, drew on the word of it. The paper was not an immediate success. Mark Lemon, who knew the Ingram's well, told me "they used to sit round a table together every Saturday night after the experience of the week and have a good cry. Mr. and Mrs. Ingram and the rest of the family." Ingram and the rest of the world were spending his own money. If he had been backed with a large independent capital he would have had no reason to be anxious. For a time the Nottingham venture's cash disappeared like the material at Chat Moss during Stephenson's railway-making and with as little apparent result; but in due course foothold was secured, and eventually Ingram stood upon the high and exalted master of the situation. He had no cause ever to look back again. A man of energy, and a great favourite among his friends, he was soon the last of the country gentlemen to wear the blue dress coat with brass buttons. Many stories are told of the success of the News. The profit on the extra special numbers was very great from the first. "I want five hundred pounds for a particular purpose," he would say; "print an extra number."

The Anxieties of a Daily Paper.

The mysterious duelling affair on the Austro-Bosnian frontier has been cleared up. A Bosnian count, who was supposed to be the surviving opponent was merely a witness to the first number of Cobbett's "Punch." It was published at 3, Southampton-street, Strand. Its price was 6d. Its motto, "Fear God, honour the King." The newspapers of that day, "says Cobbett's biographer," were largely occupied with the trials of the late King of Hungary at Budapest with a military doctor, and the two occupied rooms in one of the best hotels. Shortly afterwards a landed proprietor, Mr. Brodizki, telegraphed to the police of Budapest that his wife had run away, and asked that she might be induced to return without provoking a scandal. The police soon found the lady, but when she and her companion found themselves watched they immediately left Budapest. As soon as the police informed the husband of the lover's name, the latter was challenged by Mr. Brodizki, with the result that the husband was killed.

FATAL DUEL IN AUSTRIA.

The mysterious duelling affair on the Austro-Bosnian frontier has been cleared up. A Bosnian count, who was supposed to be the surviving opponent was merely a witness to the first number of Cobbett's "Punch." The principal is a Dr. Medway, who has been arrested and will be tried next month at Lemberg. The bishop would not allow the dead man to be buried with clerical assistance nor his body to lie in the cathedral. The story of the duel is as follows:—Some weeks ago a lady was at Budapest with a military doctor, and the two occupied rooms in one of the best hotels. Shortly afterwards a landed proprietor, Mr. Brodizki, telegraphed to the police of Budapest that his wife had run away, and asked that she might be induced to return without provoking a scandal. The police soon found the lady, but when she and her companion found themselves watched they immediately left Budapest. As soon as the police informed the husband of the lover's name, the latter was challenged by Mr. Brodizki, with the result that the husband was killed.

A DRUNKARD'S RESENTMENT.

There was a sad and tragic termination to some wedding festivities which took place out of Paris. The guests were going along the road, near Courbevoie, preceded by a young fellow called Dardiner, who was acting as a kind of master of ceremonies. Suddenly Dardiner recited the "reprobate bud" of the drunk-un man like a good Samaritan, the wedding guest suddenly vowed to raise the drunkard on his feet, but he was so arched by a grouch, followed by a puncture in the body, which will probably prove fatal. The in-bred brute, savage because his road-side sobs had been interrupted, had tak'en out a knife and stabbed Dardiner. The drunkard made an attempt to escape, but was soon captured. Dardiner is now in hospital, dangerously near death.

The Halls and the Theatres.

Mr. Sals and Mr. Sims contribute two points to the theatre and music hall controversy. Mr. Sims reminds the dramaatis who complain of censorship that Ireland is free to them. They can go to Dublin and produce whatever kind of play they choose. But the truth is, however, that certain class of reformers may be, they want to do their reforming in the full light of the press and in London, Boston, in the United States, and in their independent theatre so-called. Why should not Dublin take up the self-imposed task of trying unconventional plays and testing the popularity or otherwise of Ibsen's Ireland, so far as the stage is concerned, enjoys complete immunity from the supervision of the Lord Chamberlain. Here is a chance of the new school of plays and players. Mr. Sims says, and rightly, it is the late dinner hour that has hurt the London theatres and helped to popularise the no-music halls. As to the contention between managers of theatres and the music halls, the former could induce the legislature to make the care of the theatres a State department, the other questions involved in the controversy would right themselves. I am inclined to think that the point as to licensing halls for theatrical performances is not of much account. Music hall audiences don't want to see plays. To my mind the most curious feature of the County Council contention is that, having engaged upon theatres all manner of wild expenses in regard to protection from fire, they are now willing to allow audiences to smoke in theatres! The worst of the whole business is that neither the council nor the Parliamentary committee seem to have any special means of obtaining for him his first engagement in the west.

Scaring the Editor.

The spirit of practical joking does not at any time seem to have been active among the regard for the theatre either as an art or an Educator. Punch men, but they played off their little

THE 24 HOURS CYCLING RIDE.
COLLAGE OF BATES.

There was a most unexpected termination to the attempt at low riding M. A. Holbein's record of 301 miles 1,446 yards in twenty-four hours by J. E. M. Bates of the Surrey Bicycle Club, at Herne Hill on Tuesday evening. When 23m. 44 1/2 sec. had elapsed, and 332 miles and three laps (of three and a half laps to a mile) stood to Bates's credit, and he was about three-quarters of a mile ahead of Holbein's performance in the same time, it was observed that Bates had the utmost difficulty in keeping on his machine, in consequence of extreme exhaustion. The officials, therefore, ordered him to take off the track. It was an unfortunate affair for Bates, seeing that from 102 miles upwards until his retirement he had beaten all Holbein's records, although with very little to spare. Two hundred miles were covered by Bates in 12h. 26m. 56 1/2 sec., as against Holbein's 12h. 34m. 15 1/2 sec., and 300 miles in 19h. 32m. 15 1/2 sec. Bates was found to be in a fearfully exhausted condition on reaching the dressing-room. About 500 persons had assembled to see the finish.

MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR AT HAMPSTEAD.

On the 9th inst. the metropolitan police were endeavouring to identify the body of an elderly man who shot himself on Hampstead Heath, and upon whose body an inquest is to be held. The suicide was a very determined one. Shortly before 8 on Wednesday evening P.C. 614 S and other persons who were on the western portion of Hampstead Heath heard the report of firearms, and on going to the spot whence the sound proceeded found a man about 75 years of age, and of somewhat Jewish appearance, lying on the ground, apparently lifeless, grasping a revolver in his right hand, and with a bullet wound in his mouth from which blood was streaming. Medical aid was procured, but life was extinct. The body was removed to Hampstead Mortuary, and a description issued. The deceased is a man of fair complexion, a moustache and side whiskers, bald on top of head, with grey eyes, aquiline nose, and an upper set of false teeth. He was comfortably dressed, and had a pair of eyeglasses in his possession, but only 3d. in money. His height is about five feet ten inches.

DISCOVERY OF MAMMOTH REMAINS
IN LONDON.

During some recent excavations in Endsleigh-street in connection with the deepening of the main sewer, the workmen came upon remains of a mammoth and other prehistoric animals at a depth of about 22ft. from the surface. In the central excavation, near the north end of the street, two large tusks of a mammoth were met with lying near together, along with other bones belonging to the same animal. A portion of one of these tusks was brought to the surface, and it was found to measure at its thickest part nearly 2ft. in circumference. The length of the complete tusks would probably be at least 9ft. or 10ft. In another excavation, on the west side of the street, at a distance of about 15ft. from the above mentioned, the lower jaw and other bones of a younger mammoth were discovered at about the same depth from the surface. The animals must have died at the spot where the remains have now been found, and the dark loamy soil in which they were embedded has yielded on examination many seeds of contemporary plants. Mr. Clement Reid, F.G.S., of the Geological Survey, to whom samples of the bones were submitted, has been able to determine the presence in it of about twenty species. These show that the land here at the time was of a marshy nature. From the circumstances that deposits usually classed with the high level gravel and brick earth of the Thames Valley were found overlying the animal remains, it is inferred that the geological age during which the animals lived was the glacial period. The remains, as well as sections of the deposits exposed, will shortly be described in a communication to the Geological Society.

ALLEGED ATTEMPTED MURDER
OF A SWEETHEART.

At the Brownhills Petty Sessions, John Millward, a miner, was charged on remand with having on the 11th inst. attempted to murder his sweetheart, Ellen Hood.

The prosecutrix deposed that the prisoner had lodged at her parents' house for six months,

and had courted her for about a year. They

spent last Sunday together at the house of a friend at Walsall Wood, and at night, on the way home, a quarrel arose over the furniture which they had jointly bought with a view to housekeeping. Prisoner, it is alleged, seized her by the throat with both hands and tried to strangle her, and afterwards made two attempts to cut her throat. A police constable heard him say, "I'll cut your throat from ear to ear."—Prisoner was committed for trial at the assizes.

AN EAGLE SHOT IN KENT.

A very large eagle, of dark plumage, which had been seen in the neighbourhood of Eastwell Park, Ashford, for a few days, was shot on Thursday by one of the keepers. The bird measures 7ft. 6in. from wing to wing.

CHARLEY WEBB.

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late of Newmarket.

Brother to the celebrated jockey Newmarket Jockey, CHARLEY WEBB.

late of Newmarket.

Telegraphic Address: 22, EDITH GROVE, LONDON, S.W.

Telephone Address: Jockeyship, LONDON, W.

I AM PLEASED TO SAY I AM IN GRAND FORM.

M. Martineau's success are the talk and wonder of the world. The author of "The Story of the French Revolution" has been printed by me for my information willingly leaving to my numerous success and sterling merit, and my writing has been received with the highest admiration.

Industrial classes throughout the country have given me a great deal of pleasure.

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"THE PEOPLE" MIXTURE.

There were 2,489 births and 1,612 deaths in London last week.

Fourteen cases of self-murder were last week reported in London.

Fifteen London infants under a year old were last week suffocated in bed.

There were no fewer than 103 deaths from measles last week in London.

Archdeacon Farrar defines conscience as "the voice of God in the soul of men."

David Dow, a photographer, died on the platform of the Central Station, Glasgow, when about to enter a train.

Sir Edward Clarke declares that Mr. Balfour "has discharged the difficult duties of leader with brilliant success."

Emma Fox, a girl of 24, living at Altona, Penna., killed herself because a young fellow named Bonte, with whom she had fallen in love, did not require her affection.

The annual yield of honey in the United States is 61,000,000 lbs. from 2,800,000 hives, and in France 25,000,000 lbs. from 950,000 hives.

The New York Legislative Assembly has passed a bill which aims at ending the "sweating" system in the manufacture of clothing.

"God knows," exclaimed Canon Newbold at St. Paul's, "there is enough to make Jesus Christ weep to-day for London; at least, let me do my part to lighten His sorrow."

The loan exhibition of paintings now open at the Guildhall is attracting great numbers of visitors, over 33,000 having passed through the turnstiles in eleven days. It is free, and will remain open till the 30th June.

During the racing at Oatridge, a hawker named McVey, 39 years of age, suddenly fell down dead. It is supposed that, as he suffered from heart disease, the excitement of the races had brought on a fatal shock.

Mr. Harbison, of California, is the largest bee-keeper in the world. He possesses 6,000 hives, which yield annually 200,000 lbs. of honey. It is said that a bee must visit 218,750 flowers for each ounce of honey gathered.

The great cantilever bridge, across the Mississippi, joining the States of Tennessee and Arkansas, has been completed. It is three miles long, including the trestle work, and cost 4,000,000.

Mrs. Derbyshire and Mrs. Davies were among the successful candidates elected as guardians for Hove in the Steyning Union. This is the first time that ladies have been elected to this board.

Henry Akerman, licensed victualler, of Trafalgar-street, Newington, was at the Lambeth Police Court fined £10, and ordered to pay two guinea costs, for having diluted malt liquor on his premises.

An analysis of the professions and occupations of the 1,036 candidates for Parliament at the next general election shows that out of 336 Liberal and Irish Nationalist candidates, as many as 143 are barristers or solicitors, while out of 529 Conservatives and Liberal Unionists 91 are lawyers.

The annual festival of the Theatrical Mission will take place in Prince's Hall, Finsbury, on Wednesday afternoon next. Mr. John Cory, Cardiff, will preside. Lady Milbank will distribute the prizes and presents to members, and there will be sales by purists from the Royal Normal College for the Blind.

A Manchester innkeeper named Adolph Mellor, landlord of the Chatsworth Hotel, was examining casks of spirits in his cellar with a naked light, when the spirit became ignited, and Mellor was so seriously burned that he was taken to the infirmary in a precarious condition.

At Chester Quarter Sessions, Mr. E. Brinsley, sheriff for the city, presented the recorder with a pair of white-gloved gloves, there being no prisoners for trial. The recorder, in discharging the grand jury, said that was the fourth maiden session at Chester in twenty-six years.

At the North London Police Court, James Brookes was summoned for threatening and intimidating a non-union coal-cutter employed by Messrs. Camron and Co. It was stated that the union man had frequently visited the wharf and annoyed the complainant and others. The offence, having been proved in this particular case, the defendant was bound over to keep the peace.

A plebiscite of the inhabitants of Accrington has been taken with respect to the number of licensed houses in the borough. People were asked to fill up and sign voting papers left at their houses. The result was that 6,214 declared there are too many public-houses, as against 902 now; while 4,022 voted for their reduction by one-half, and 344 say "No." There were 1,250 neutrals.

Sir Algernon West, who retires from the chairmanship of the Board of Inland Revenue, has been upwards of forty years in the public service, and has held the position which he now resigns since 1881. He was formerly private secretary to Sir Charles Wood and Lord Ripon at the India Office, and later to Mr. Gladstone when he was First Lord of the Treasury.

It is now stated that in 1882 there were in Great Britain 40,000 small holdings under 10 acres. These figures, however, must be admitted to be rather dubious, since only 65,000 of the small occupations were genuine small farms of 20 acres to 50 acres, the rest being allotments, fruit gardens, market gardens, and accumulation plots, occupied by persons who do not get their livelihood mainly by farming.

A house in Panyer-alley, running from Pater-noster-row to Newgate-street, is, it is said, about to be demolished. In the wall of this house is the well-known sign of a pannier with a naked boy sitting on it, described—

When you see the pannier, the pannier is the highest ground.

This is an originally a standing place for bakers with their local panniers, and the sign has been in existence over 200 years.

A fire broke out on Monday on the premises of Mr. W. J. Holland, grocer, No. 230, Oxford-street. It originated in a back building of four doors, the upper portion of which was virtually burned out. The rest of the building and its contents were severely damaged with water. Mr. Holland was his own landlord, and both the building and its service were insured in the Commercial Union Office.

The debris of the great landslip at the Roads cutting, which took place last November, and which has since been occupying the attention of over 1,000 men weekly, has at length been sufficiently cleared to allow of the resumption of traffic. Roads is on the direct route from Northampton to London by the London and North-Western Railway, and, in consequence of the block, it was necessary to revise the whole train service and stop several trains. Six hundred men are still at work.

A town's meeting was held at Wolverhampton, the major town, to consider the distress amongst ironworkers caused by the depression in the iron trade and the consequent closing of works. It was stated that in one part of the town alone 300 families were crying out for food. A permanent relief committee was formed, consisting of twenty-four of the leading inhabitants, and it was decided to make a second public appeal for the efforts of large gangs of men, upwards of 200 acres were cleared. The fire was only

depression is owing chiefly to lack of foreign orders.

During March no less than 18,891 tons of fish were delivered at Billingsgate.

In 1841 each individual consumed 13s. of fish; in 1881 he consumed 26s.

Twenty-four and a-half tons of fish were seized at Billingsgate during March as unfit for human food.

"The real battle-cry of the next election will," says the Marquis of Lorne, "be Separation or Union."

The central organisations of both political parties in London are working at high pressure in expectation of a dissolution.

The epidemic of diphtheria is decreasing at Heywood, and the public schools are being re-opened.

One of the new battle ships to be built will be laid down at Pembroke, and others at such other yards as may be most in need of new work.

Mr. Villiers, the oldest member of the House, listened to the Budget speech from the gallery behind the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Professor Marshall tells us that the oak in a general way requires to grow from 120 to 200 years before it is fit to cut for large timber.

During last week 14,208 persons visited the South Kensington Museum. The total number of visitors since the opening of the Museum in 1857 is given at 29,886,757.

The secret of success in life is to keep busy, to be persevering, patient, and untiring in the pursuit or calling that is being followed.

"How does this razor feel, sir?" said the barber, politely. "It doesn't seem to feel much pity," was the gruff response of the customer.

A Sixth Ward man is kicking because his wife doesn't throw a little more Delaforce into her performance over the wash-tub.

Mrs. Chinn: What do you suppose the poor baby is crying about now?—Chinn: Haven't kept track; should say about all the time.

If there are ten men in the band, ten women are told by their husbands the night that their playing alone saved the band from failure.

Electricity has been allowed to produce heat in order to make it acceptable to women. It was no good in the house so long as it would not make hot the curling tongs.

The man who has never needed to have any thing pulled is the loudest in advising the sufferer to "brace up like a man and have the thing out at once."

Mrs. Wayback no longer believes in newspapers. The other day one of them informed her that everybody was out of town, and when she went shopping she was nearly jammed to death at a draper's cheap sale.

Beware the veil! A lady of Ontario had a

small sore on her lip, and, having allowed her veil to come in contact with it, blood poisoning was set up, and to this she succumbed in a few days.

The quickest way to reduce liquid measure to dry measure is to take a quart of nitro-glycerine and hit it with a hammer. You will then have a ton or more of debris, your self included.

"You told me this dog which I purchased from you a month ago was excellent for rats, and he hasn't killed one yet!" "Well, isn't that 'excellent for the rats?'" retorted the dealer.

The only part of Walt Whitman's body which the physicians found in good condition after a century, we shall find that we were almost equally a coffee drinking people and a tea drinking people, each person drinking 17 oz. of coffee as compared with 16 oz. of tea; but to-day the proportion is 12 oz. of coffee as compared with 8 oz. of tea."

The German Emperor already possesses more than a score of country seats—palaces, castles, and hunting-lodges, notwithstanding he is about to build himself a jagdschloss in the deer park at Potsdam. It is to be constructed of timber, in the Norwegian fashion.

Mr. Baird, who is widely known as "Mr. Abingdon," has, it is said, given Lord Gerard £80,000 for the Moulton Paddocks estate, near Newmarket. Lord Gerard expended a fortune in building a very fine and a most comfortable new house.

The Guadalupe bees lay their honey in bunches of wax, about as large as a pigeon's egg, and not in comb. The bees have no wings, are small, and of a black colour. The honey is of an oily consistency and never hardens.

The American bison, which has been kept for about ten years in the Home Park at Windsor, has been presented by the Queen to the Zoological Gardens. The animal is a very fine specimen of a nearly extinct species.

In the course of the next and the following month a large number of Nonconformist ministers from Ulster will visit England and Scotland, for the purpose of expounding and enforcing the objections of Ulster to Home Rule.

Last week there were nineteen deaths from scarlet fever in London, two from small-pox, thirty-four from diphtheria, sixty-five from whooping-cough, one from typhus, eight from enteric fever, and thirteen from diarrhoea and dysentery.

The most frequent ornament for ladies' hats appears to be what is known as the Ross-Josephine feathers—that is, two narrow black ostrich upright feathers placed back to back so that the tips curl over different ways. This feather belongs, in fact, to a style of bonnet which was worn in the forties, and of which a revival is imminent.

The Duke Ludwig of Bavaria, the eldest brother of the Empress of Austria, will, according to common report in Munich, shortly visit Fraulein Clara Heiss, of the Munich Court Theatre. Fraulein Heiss is 30 years younger than the duke, who has already celebrated his 61st birthday, and whose first wife died last November.

Intelligence has reached St. Just, Cornwall, of the murder of Mr. Thomas James, a man of that town, who was employed at the Champ d'Or Gold Mine, near Johannesburg. He was waylaid on leaving a hotel, was struck on the head, and his pockets were rifled of a gold watch and a sum of money. The knife-holes are outlined with the same embroidery, and it forms deep cuts to the full sleeves. A bundle of the gold and jeweled trappings outlines the basque, and falls in long coils in front.

The agitation of London postmen, whose position remained stationary when all other grades received benefits in some shape or other, has now assumed a dangerous character. The men in several districts of London have already sent in petitions addressed to the Postmaster-general asking for an increase of pay, and others are following. The agitation is being conducted on co-operative lines, and is not interfered with by the post authorities.

Lord Melbourne was one day seen coming from church in the country in a mighty fury. Finding a friend, he exclaimed, "It is to bad! I have always been a supporter of the Church, and I have always upheld the clergy. But it is really too bad to have to listen to a sermon like that we have had this morning. Why, the preacher actually insisted upon applying religion to a man's private life." "But that," said Mr. Gladstone, who recently told the story, "is the kind of preaching which I like best."

An alarming fire has just been extinguished on Thuraston Common, Cheshire, overlooking the Dee Estuary. On Sunday afternoon some mischievous boys set fire to the heather, which after the long spell of sunshine was as dry as tinder. It blazed furiously, and overran the common so rapidly that, despite the efforts of large gangs of men, upwards of 200 acres were cleared. The fire was only prevented from spreading further by the

digging of a trench down the side of the common, which cut off the flames.

In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of loaf.

The Thames supplied London with 90,864,767 gallons of water daily during March.

Mr. Montagu Guest has killed a salmon of 35 lb. in the Dorsetshire Stour.

Londoners consumed an average during March 181,507,050 gallons of water daily.

Miss Ellicot, the musical daughter of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, is turning her attention to operatic composition.

There is talk in fashionable circles of the probable revival of the sleeveless jacket for ladies.

Seventy-two deaths last week in the metropolis were attributable to accident or negligence.

One of the new battle ships to be built will be laid down at Pembroke, and others at such other yards as may be most in need of new work.

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TURF, FIELD, AND RIVER.

By LARRY LYNX.

(Body of this article should remember that the opinions and expressions of the horses engaged and the special information obtained concerning them. All bets on minor races, and the like, are to be made on the publication of this article, so that nothing previously mentioned has happened in connection with the horses, and the like, as the same had of him "Larry Lynx" prior to going to press.)

The quiet sport of "holy week" came as a relief to racing men after the high pressure of the six days preceding it. The death of Capt. Middleton at Kington on Saturday last created a great shock in hunting and racing circles. For many years Capt. Middleton had been a prominent supporter of the chase and cross-country sport, and, as a rule, rode his own horses. On Lord of the Harrow he many times rode to victory, and other chasers and hunters associated with him were Sunbeam, Minotaur, Punjab, Lord Gough, Waterford, Doneraile, and Plintiff, on whom he scored his last win at the Household Brigade Steeplechase at Haworth Hill. In 1879 Captain Middleton had a narrow escape when riding Minotaur in an open steeplechase at Brockley. The horse fell and broke his neck, and it is sad to reflect that his rider should have met the same fate on Saturday last. When the Empress of Austria "Bay" Middleton, some years ago, visited England and Ireland, Captain Middleton generally piloted her in the hunting field. Military men, hunting men, and racing men alike will sorrowfully regret the tragic end of this gallant gentleman and honourable sportsman. His death revives memories of poor Whyte-McVille, who met his fate in a similar manner. His horse "pecked" on the flat in the same way, and the cheeriest writer on sport who ever lived died exactly as did poor "Bay" Middleton on Saturday last.

The continued fine weather had made the grand like so much asphalt, and some severe falls were seen, both at Sandown Park and Plumpton. At the first-named venue of sport, Mr. J. C. Dorner was badly kicked in the face when Miss Chippendale fell in the Mammoth Hunters' Race, and there is, I regret to hear, but little hope of his retaining the sight of one of his eyes. Other riders who were badly shaken on the same day were Mr. Atkinson, when the Midshipmite fell, and Tom Adams, who was badly bruised by Paul Pry's mishap. In the race in which these two last casualties occurred it was assumed that the Midshipmite would prove whether those who thought he would have won the Grand National, had, stood up, were right or wrong, as he again met the National victor, Father O'Flynn, but they were doomed to disappointment, as The Midshipmite fell again, and Father O'Flynn made a rare hole in his manners when he bolted just as he appeared to have the race at his mercy. It was because of his unruly temper that Lord Cholmondeley sold Father O'Flynn, and it could not surprise me to see the son of Retreat turn out as erratic in public as Roquafort.

Sport at Plumpton on Monday was not interested with a great amount of interest. Still, the gathering on the Sussex hills goes to prove, as also do the fixtures of Monday next, how hard the cross-country season die. At Plumpton, on Monday, backers started anything but well, when Ebor in the opening race floored the odds betters on Haddington. Then two favourites got home in the Subalterns' Race and the Regimental Challenge Cup, Cottswold and Bonny Boy both winning easily. A field of eleven did battle in the South of England Red Coat Hurdle Race, and this fell to popular Col. Cumbers' Violanta, who brought off an 8 to 1 chance. In the Castle Stakes, won by Black Prince, who upset an even money order in Escape, Mr. C. F. Johnson on Julius came a nasty cropper when his mount fell at the second fence, for he broke his thigh, and his accident may result in serious consequences.

The second day's racing at Plumpton was very much on a par with the first, but there were more spills. Spendthrift won the Selby National Hunt Flat Race; and Handley Cross, thanks to Helen Davies running out and the others falling, came home by himself in the Shoreham Handicap Steeplechase. The April Hurdle Race fell to Glennie, and Troubles accounted for the Lancing Hurdle Race. The Robertsbridge Steeplechase was a chapter of accidents, as all fell but Gipsy King, who refused, and Surprise, who came in alone. The Hailsham Steeplechase fell to Asleep, who bowled over the odds on Ebor, who fell, and kicked himself badly.

The approach of the Newmarket Craven meeting, the events of which I shall detail with in my latest notes, warns us that we are nearing the time of the classic races. Men, too, are now beginning to bet in earnest on the Two Thousand and the Derby. For the Newmarket classic Orme represents, as I write, an odds on chance, while his stable companion, Goldfinch, is next fancied. There has been, too, no little nibbling at Scarborough since his Liverpool victory. I learn from Kingscote that Porter's three-year-olds are ripening in a most satisfactory manner, and they will soon be in hard work. Orme has wintered well, and so has Goldfinch, whose wind infirmity has not grown worse and as roarers have done wonders over the Rowley mile, he may give his stable companion, Orme, some trouble, for if they start both horses represent different interests and will run on their merits. Orme may, too, encounter serious opposition from his other stable companion, La Fleche, if she escapes the ills which marre generally suffer from the early summer, and runs. The Kingscote hand is a powerful one indeed, and the best that Newmarket can oppose to it in the classic races will be found in El Diablo—who has also done well in the winter, even if he has not grown into the handsomest colt in the kingdom—Goonoo, Flyaway, Dunure, and Scarborough. There are two dark horses at Newmarket in Endurance and The Cellerar, who have both been backed at outside prices. The first-named is a big, upstanding son of Sterling, and it he escapes big trouble he may develop into a useful colt, although I do not regard him in the light of a coming flyer. The Cellerar we may possibly see out at the Newmarket Craven meeting in the Bennington Stakes, and if he cannot do the weak opposition he is there likely to encounter he can have no look-in for classic honours.

Much of the enjoyment of visitors to Hurst Park on the opening day was spoiled by the wretched weather. Rain and cold winds prevailed all the afternoon, affording a strange contrast to the summer-like days we had experienced previously. The good entries had prepared for better fields, and it was strange indeed that the Hampton Court Plate should only bring out half a dozen moderate youngsters. Of these Lord Dunraven's unnamed filly by Retreat out of Miss Maesinger, who was

third to Gateshead at Epsom, vindicated public form by the style in which she disposed of the well-tried novice, Alice Lilian. The Epsom form was, however, somewhat discounted, when Odour, who failed to stay a mile there, was equal to besting her field over the same distance in the Trial Plate, and again when Nitrate Queen, second to Favaro at Epsom, was never able to go the pace with the dead set Lotus Eater, who won the Actor Plate from start to finish.

Better weather and better fields were the order of the day during the second stage of the meeting. Castleford followed up a Leicester success by bowing over a reputed good thing in Scotch Broth for the Bankside Plate, just getting home by a short head, and in the Riverside Plate, another head verdict was recorded when the outsider, Tenacity, brought the backers of Ethelbert to grief. Golden Garter added to the successes scored by Poco's Peck's stable this season by placing the Spring Handicap to the credit of Mr. Blundell Maple; Sea Salt won again; and other races fell to Ejector and Golden Crown.

The professional double sculling regatta promoted by the Lock to Lock Times was productive of some excellent sport last Monday. In all nine pairs entered, and the three left in the final were J. H. Robinson and East (the champion), C. E. Harding and Nicholls, and G. Haines and S. A. Emmett. Harding, it will be remembered, was under the impression that he had won the race, but the result was that when Morton and Thomas met in the ten miles championship race yesterday, Morton won, and in fast time than Thomas won this year, although the latter had eclipsed both performances two years ago in his sensational race with Kibblewhite. Whether or not Thomas could now beat Morton at twenty miles could only be proved by a similar demonstration. The foregoing remarks may be taken as an indication that it should feel inclined to favour the chance of Morton, but I do not; I simply wish to point out the different conditions under which the various records were established, and my own idea is that, both men going to the post fit and well, Thomas would now show his superiority.

The other item of interest was Heath's victory over Kibblewhite at Kennington Oval. It is explained by the Swindon runner's uniformity and Heath's improvement in the year, and in presenting them to Harding and Nicholls Mr. Lohmann made some complimentary remarks to winners and losers alike.

The final tie in the Army Cup competition was perhaps the most interesting football fix we in the metropolis last Saturday.

There was a large attendance at the Lyric Club to witness the boat race, and all stayed for the football match, which was therefore decided in the presence of a very fashionable gathering. The 2nd Scots Guards were slight favourites, although the excellent performances of the representatives of the 1st Battalion a recently had won them many admirers. The game was a good one from every point of view, and the play was very exciting. Nothing was scored in the first half. Each gained a goal before the finish of the usual period, and it was not until the extra half hour that the 2nd were able to claim the victory with a couple of goals to the 1st's one.

South Shore, from Blackpool, have made a very creditable show on their southern tour. First they drew with Royal Arsenal, each scoring a goal; and then on Monday they paid a visit to Chatham and inflicted a severe defeat on the club there, scoring five goals to two. The weather was altogether too warm for real football.

The matches between the Corinthians and the Barbarians were intended, of course, only as interesting novelties to attract the charitable. The result of the first of the two, that under Association rules, was an easy victory for the Corinthians, as everybody expected would be the case. Several of the Rugbyists shewed fair form, notably Evershed, Rashleigh, and Johnston, but, of course, there were no match for their opponents. The Barbarians fully counted upon being successful in the Rugby match on Monday, but in this they were disappointed, as, after they had once dropped into the knack of things, the Corinthians showed remarkable aptitude, and, mainly by superior pace, won the match with a try to spare.

Mill Athletic, who are in the concluding stages of several cup competitions, won the semi-final of the London Charity Cup, beating the Old Carthusians by two goals to one after a very good game. They will now have to meet the Crusaders in the final.

The League matches provided at least one eye-opener. Sunderland went down before Notts in a most surprising manner. Sunderland had a terrible lot of bad luck in the first half, when they ought to have scored more than once, and in the second they found themselves still unable to circumvent the Notts backs, whilst Oswald hanged the ball through for Notts. This does not very seriously damage Sunderland's chance of winning the championship of the League this year, but affords a curious commentary on form.

The Scotish Cup competition has resulted in a fine win for the Celtic, who after all scored an easy victory over Queen's Park. The interest originally centred in the match had dwindled away considerably, and there were not nearly so many present as upon the occasion of the former meeting of the pair.

The surprises have come at last in the Yorkshire Cup ties, and Liversedge, and Hunslet triumph at the expense of Bradford and Grange Rangers. Bradford's back lost them the match through a slip, only a goal being scored against them. The Goldthorpes were again to the fore in the other tie, and it was mainly due to their excellent combination and their individual cleverness that Hunslet were able to score 2 goals and 2 tries.

The style in which Peall polished off both Dawson and Mitchell in the "all-in" billiard professional championship, proves that there is but one champion at English billiards, and that is Peall, who, in the final heat, beat Mitchell by 2345 points. Peall ran out with a break of 2,099, inclusive of 305 and 333 winning hazards. To give some idea of the rate at which Peall scored, it may be noted that while he ran up 10,000, Dawson and Mitchell between them scored 3,344 in four days.

The first general meeting of the committee of the proposed new Sports and Athletic Club was presided over by Sir John Astley at the Hotel Metropole on Wednesday evening. Some 130 noblemen and gentlemen have joined the general committee, of whom twenty-five have consented to serve on the executive. The object of the club is to supply a much-felt want, namely, a rendezvous for colonial and foreign sportsmen visiting England and for country athletes coming to London. The scheme promises to be a successful one, and it is proposed to form the club into a company, and bring members together at a dinner to be held on May 2nd. All information can be obtained from Mr. J. M. R. Francis, at 173, Great George-street, Westminster.

Considering how extremely few were the purely athletic fixtures of Saturday last, their individual importance strikes one as remarkable.

Dealing first of all with the event in which previous bets on record were relegated to 4,000 or 5,000 other men employed in the work would be affected.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF COMMONS—Monday.

Mr. 22 min. 152 sec. may be easily dismissed. Splendid a performance as it was, the fact that the beaten record of W. H. Morton of 1hr. 23 min. 49 1/2 sec. was accomplished in a twenty miles race must not be overlooked. In the latter event there was no sealed handicap, and, in addition, Morton had matters entirely his own way. On Saturday, however, Th mas had the knowledge that by the exercise of his utmost efforts there was a chance of winning the sealed handicap as well, and this was naturally calculated to draw him out all the way. Again, without wishing in the smallest degree to underrate the Hanelagh Harriers' undoubted ability, it should be remembered that when Morton and Thomas met in the ten miles championship race yesterday, Morton won, and in fast time than Thomas won this year, although the latter had eclipsed both performances two years ago in his sensational race with Kibblewhite.

Whether or not Thomas could now beat Morton at twenty miles could only be proved by a similar demonstration. The foregoing remarks may be taken as an indication that it should feel inclined to favour the chance of Morton, but the consumption of tobacco was a considerable factor in the result, which was 22 sec. more than the estimate. Tea also showed an increase, the estimate having been £22,000, more than the previous year, and £24,000, 2 1/2 per cent of the increase being due to a tobacco increase. The estimate of the total expenditure for Customs and Excise was originally £29,000,000, showing a saving of £3,000,000. The expenditure for assisted education was £21,000,000, but it had actually amounted to £21,000,000, and the increase was due to the age being lowered from 18 to 16. The estimate of the gold currency was £200,000,000, and the gold market was still in full working order, and the forecast of loss on light sovereigns was not likely to be exceeded. Passing to the revenue for the last year, he remarked that the estimate for Customs had been exceeded by £36,000. It was tobacco, and not spirits, which was £36,000 more than the revenue of the previous year.

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